

The CHOICE:

BEING A COLLECTION

Of Two Hundred and Fifty

Celebrated Songs.

VOLUME II.



L O N D O N :

Printed for W. Bickerton at Lord Bacon's Head
without Temple-Bar; T. Astley at the Rose,
and S. Austen at the Angel in St. Paul's
Church-Yard; R. Willock at Sir Isaac Newton's
Head in Cornhill; and J. Watson over-against
Hungerford-Market in the Strand. 1733.

THE CHOICE

THE CHOICE
COLLECTION

VOL. II

11 3
496



An Alphabetical

TABLE

OF THE

Lavish Lutton

CONTENTS.

Here Back

	Page
A T <i>Cynthia's</i> Feet I sigh'd, I pray'd	18
As <i>Calia</i> in her Garden stray'd	27
As late while Slumber did infold	45
All Materials are the same	49
As I saw fair <i>Chloe</i> walk alone	52
As <i>Chloe</i> o'er the Meadow past	53
Awake, thou fairest Thing in Nature	72
As <i>Damon</i> , who had hardly sped	73
After the fiercest Pangs of hot Desire	85
All Flat'ries of Fate	126
<i>Aurelia</i> , art thou mad	127
All you that do to Love belong	136
All hail to the Days	143
A Thousand Chatms in <i>Calia</i> meet	147
An <i>Oxfordshire</i> Chap	171
Arise, arise, great Dead, &c.	181
<i>Aminas</i> , I am come alone	184
Ah! <i>Calia</i> , that I were but sure	187
As <i>Calia</i> near a Fountain lay	193

A 3

5

X

An Alphabetical TABLE.

	Page
A merry Land, by this Light	212
As Pilgrims thro' Devotion	217
All Attendance apart	235
At dead of Night, when wrapt in Sleep	271
Beside a Stream, repining	64
Belinda's blest with ev'ry Grace	65
Beneath a shady Willow	ibid.
Behold the Brand of Beauty Tost!	75
Behold I fly on Wings of soft Desire	145
Be wary, my child, when thou art so	146
Betty, early gone a Maying	149
Bonny Lads and Damsels	161
By Chreeft and St. Patrick, &c.	201
Bacchus one Day playfully striding	211
By the Side of a great Kitchen Fire	212
Corinna in the Bloom of Youth	10
Come all ye Youths whose Hearts e'er bled	11
Come, Love, let us join	40
Clarinda the Pride of the Plain	43
Come Beaus, Virtuoso's, rich Heirs, &c.	55
Cosmelia's Charms inspire my Lays	57
Celinda, think not by disdain'g	78
Chloe is handsome, brisk and gay	80
Come let's be merry	96
Calia, in whose attractive Smile	106
Can I view a doating As	107
Complying, denying	120
Come hither, young Sinner	121
Chloris, I cannot say your Eyes	129
Come, my Hearts of Gold	152
Come, follow, follow me	157
Chloe is witty	178
Cynderaxa, kind and good	180
Cecilia, when with artful Note	181
Chloe proves false, yet she is charming	206

An Alphabetical TABLE.

	Page
Crown your Bowls	219
Come, Laffie, lend me your braw, &c.	223
Cease, cease your Mourning, lovely Maid	274
<i>Damon to Sylvia, when alone</i>	6
<i>Daphnis stood pensive in the Shade</i>	25
<i>Damon for Love still meets Disdain</i>	80
Deep melancholick Thoughts arise	176
Doll Business hence, avoid this sacred Round	229
Do but view my charming <i>Philly</i>	234
Forfaken of my kindly Stars	15
Fain wou'd you ease my troubled Heart	42
From <i>White's</i> and <i>Will's</i>	94
By the Margin of the Sea	109
<i>Liiza!</i> scorn the litle Arts	128
From Place to Place forlorn I go	178
From bright <i>Amanuela's</i> Charms	182
From all uneasy Passions free	190
Forgive, fair Creature, form'd to please	195
Foolish Lover	210
Foolish Love, begone, said I	227
From good Liquor ne'er shrink	230
Fill the Glafs, fill, fill, fill the Glafs	231
Fortune is blind	272
Gay <i>Bacchus</i> , liking <i>Estcourt's</i> Wine	1
Gentle Zephyrs, silent Glades	58
Go, lovely Rose	74
Give, ye Nymphs, O give your Lover	128
Good Wine will drown Sorrow, &c.	207
Gently, hear me, charming Fair	227
How blest are Beggars Lasses	17
Hark how the Trumpet sounds to Battle	28
How long will <i>Cynthia</i> own no Flame	69

An Alphabetical TABLE.

	Page
How vain the Pow'r of Musick's Charms	109
How dismal is <i>Cyderia's</i> Cell	109
He that weds a Beauty	116
Hark! the Bass	118
How wav'ring is the State of Love	121
How do they err who throw their Love	151
How can you be	176
How hardly I conceal my Tears	183
Hard by the Hall, our Master's House	195
How can you be so teasing	218
Here's a Health to those Men	231
In vain a Thousand Slaves have try'd	8
I said to my Heart, between sleeping, &c.	15
I'm none of your Fops who to please a coy Lass	29
If Wine and Musick have the Pow'r	70
I sing of sad Discords that happen'd of late	81
In vain you tell your parting Lover	95
I'll sing you a Ditty, and warrant it true	98
In Pimps and Politicians	116
I'll go to my Love where he lies in the Deep	148
Jocky met with Jenny fair	197
I am a jolly Bowler	224
Idle Creature	216
If a Lover	ibid.
In Love and Life the present use	217
I am a jolly Toper	242
If ever Charms did <i>Laura</i> move	260
Importunate Love, be gone	266
I'll tell her the next time, said I	267
I once was a Poet at <i>London</i>	269
Lonely Groves young <i>Strephon</i> chusing	32
Lately on yonder swelling Bush	76
Look, lovely Nymph, on yonder Tree	106
Let us drink and be merry	133
Love, when 'tis true, needs not the Aid	147

An Alphabetical TABLE.

	Page
Love, thou art the best of human Joys	135
Love still has something of the Sea	161
Let not Love on me bestow	179
Long from the Force of Beauty's Charms	221
Like a wand'ring Ghost I appear	239
Let the daring Advent'urers be toss'd, &c.	244
My Passion is as Mustard strong	37
No Glory I cover, no Riches I want	51
No, no, 'tis in vain in this turbulent Town	100
Never trust the brainless Crowd	101
Not Eden's Garden did disdain	155
Now God above that made all things	164
Neptune frown, and Boreas roar	219
No more shall Meads be deck'd, &c.	228
Now I'm resolv'd to love no more	247
O ye blest Pow'rs! propitious be	7
Once on a time, as old Stories rehearse	30
Of all the Girls that e'er were seen	35
On a Bank beside a Willow	48
O'er the Desert, cross the Meadows	77
Once on a Summer Ev'ning fair	88
O that I was young again	112
Of all the things beneath the Sun	114
On yonder Bed, supinely laid	180
On a grassy Pillow	218
Our Susan is pretty	214
Of all the Girls in our Town	222
O Jeany, Jeany, where has thou been	241
O were Thursday but come	255
Phyllis, the young, the fair, the gay	30
Phyllida, that lov'd to dream	61
Pry'thee tell me, faithless Swain	78

An Alphabetical TABLE.

<i>Phillis</i> , Men say that all my Vows	117	Pha
<i>Phillis</i> , this mighty Zeal assuage	117	Tell
Prepar'd to rail, resolv'd to part	118	The
Pr'ythee Friend, leave off thy Thinking	117	The
Pale Faces stand by	118	Tell
Since you no longer will be kind	9	Tho
Still, <i>Chloe</i> , ply thy courtly Art	60	To c
<i>Sol</i> declining	61	The
See how the Captive Lark	61	Tran
See what a Conquest Love has made	117	To a
<i>Strephon</i> the young the loveliest Swain	91	The
Sweet good-humour'd <i>Emily</i>	100	Troy
Some like Men to brittle Glass	104	Tha
Sound, Bagpipes, ever sound	113	
Sweet <i>Sukey's</i> my Heart's Delight	118	Who
Shou'd the Storm blow high	120	Whi
She comes, she comes	130	Wh
<i>Stella</i> and <i>Flavia</i> ev'ry Hour	149	Wh
So smooth and so serene but now	154	Wh
Sweetest Bud of Beauty, may	183	Wh
See, see, like <i>Venus</i> she appears	201	Wh
Sweet, lovely, chaste	252	Wit
See where the fair <i>Cassandra</i> lies	261	Wh
Some say Women are like the Seas	259	Wh
Tho' <i>Flavia</i> to my warm Desire	14	Win
Take my Word when I declare	20	Wh
The happiest Mortals once were we	33	Wh
The Sun was now withdrawn	ibid.	Wh
To heal the Wound a Bee had made	60	War
To all ye Ladies now at <i>Bath</i>	71	Wh
That stately lovely Shade	73	Wh
'Tis not your Beauty can engage	77	Wif
Thro' mournful Shades and solitary Groves	86	Wor
The terrible Law	97	Wh
The Soldier disbanded the Streets for to beg	112	

An Alphabetical TABLE.

	Page
That ever dull Husband shou'd preach, &c.	117
Tell me no more you love in vain	151
Tis a pitiful thing that now-a-days, Sirs	167
The Heart that once has Pow'r to change	182
The Nymph that undoes me	186
Tell me, gentle <i>Strepbon</i> , why	188
Tho' for seven Years and mair	205
To charming <i>Calia's</i> Arms I flew	209
The jolly Bowl does glad my Soul	210
Transporting are the solid Joys	233
To all ye Fops of Court and Town	235
The Spring, the pleasant Spring is blown	240
The Night was in her sable Shroud	262
Troy had a Breed of brave stout Men	246
That all Men are Beggars you plainly may see	268
Who has e'er been at <i>Paris</i> must needs, &c.	4
While I, fair <i>Delia</i> , view thy Face	11
Why, <i>Delia</i> , when I tell the Pain	12
Whence comes it, Neighbour <i>Dick</i>	23
Why so pale and wan, fond Lover	51
Why, cruel Creature, why so bent	54
When thy Beauty appears	58
With folded Hands and wat'ry Eye	66
Why sighs the Nymph to blaze at Court	70
While I listen to thy Voice	75
Who won'd not gaze away his Heart	84
Winter, thy Cruelty extend	85
When first <i>Pastora</i> came to Town	88
What Nectar Sweets, with balmy Rills	91
Why shou'd a Heart so tender break	94
Wanton Gales that fondly play	95
When I was grateful in your Eye	102
Who trusts quaint Urbanity	105
Wisdom, tho' cold	113
Would Fate for me a Cully mould	118
Whilst I gaze in fond Desiring	119

An Alphabetical TABLE.

When <i>Aurelia</i> first became	165
While I my <i>Cynthia's</i> Praises sing	166
When Youth and Beauty join with Art	167
What need we take care for Platonical Rules	168
When you your Swain	169
What, put off with one Denial	170
Why all this Anger, <i>Celia</i> , shown	171
What Beauties does <i>Flora</i> disclose	172
When Gold is in Hand	173
What Man in his Wits had not rather be poor	174
<i>Willie</i> was a wanton Wag	175
When Stock was fall'n down, derry down	176
Woman's like the flatt'ring Ocean	177
What if <i>Betty</i> grows old	178
Whilst Discord and Envy	179
Where a fair Mead	180
Wine's a Mistress gay and easy	181
Warn'd and made wise by others Flame	182

Ye Beaux of Pleasure	183
Young <i>Damon</i> , once the happiest Swain	184
You that love Mirth, attend to my Song	185
Ye Nymphs and ye Swains	186
Your <i>Cupid</i> and your <i>Hymen</i> now	187
You tell me 'tis dissembled Love	188
Young Virgins love Pleasure	189
Ye Minutes, swiftly move	190
Ye Minutes, bring the happy Hour	191





GAY *Bacchus*, liking *Estcourt's* Wine,
A noble Meal bespoke;
And for the Guests that were to dine,
Brought *Comus*, *Love*, and *Joke*.

The God near *Cupid* drew his Chair,
And *Joke* near *Comus* plac'd;
Thus *Wine* makes *Love* forget his Care,
And *Mirth* exalts a Feast.
The more to please each sprightly God,
Each sweet engaging *Grace*
Put on some Cloaths to come abroad,
And took a Waiter's Place.

A COLLECTION

Then *Cupid* nam'd at ev'ry Glass
 A Lady of the Skie,
 While *Bacchus* swore he'd drink the Last,
 And had it Bumper high.

Fat *Comus* tost his Brimmer o'er,
 And always got the most;
 For *Joke* took care to fill him more
 Whene'er he mist the Toast.

They call'd, and drank at ev'ry Touch,
 Then fill'd and drank again;
 And if the Gods can take too much,
 'Tis said, they did so then.

Free Jests run all the Table round,
 And with the Wine conspire,
 (While they by sly Reflection wound)
 To set their Heads on fire.

Gay *Bacchus* little *Cupid* stung,
 By reck'ning his Deceits;
 And *Cupid* mock'd his stamm'ring Tongue,
 With all his stagg'ring Gaits.

Joke droll'd on *Comus*' greedy Ways,
 And Tales without a Jest,
 While *Comus* call'd his witty Plays
 But Waggeries at best.

Such Talk soon set them all at Odds,
 And had I *Homer's* Pen,
 I'd sing ye how they drank like Gods,
 And how they fought like Men.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 3

To part the Fray, the *Graces* fly,
Who make 'em soon agree;
And had the *Furies* selves been nigh,
They still were three to three.

Bacchus appear'd, rais'd *Cupid* up,
And gave him back his Bow,
But kept some Dart to stir the Cup
Where Sack and Sugar flow.

Joke, taking *Comus*' rosin Crown,
In Triumph wore the Prize,
And thrice in Mirth he push'd him down,
As thrice he strove to rise.

Then *Cupid* sought the Myrtle Grove
Where *Venus* did recline,
And *Beauty*, close embracing *Love*,
They join'd to rail at *Wine*.

And *Comus*, loudly cursing *Wit*,
Roll'd off to some Retreat,
Where boon Companions gravely sit
In fat unweildy State.

Bacchus and *Joke*, who stay behind,
For one fresh Glass prepare;
They kiss, and are exceeding kind,
And vow to be sincere.

But part in time, whoever hear
This our instructive Song;
For tho' such Friendships may be dear,
They can't continue long.

SONG II.

WHO has e'er been at *Paris* must needs know
the *Grave*,

The fatal Retreat of th' unfortunate Brave,
Where Honour and Justice most oddly contribute
To ease Hero's Pains by Halter and Gibbet.

Derry down, down, bey derry down.

There Death breaks the Shackles which Force had
put on,

And the Hangman compleats what the Judge had
begun :

There the 'Squire of the Pad, and the Knight of the
Post,

Find their Pains no more baulk'd, and their Hopes
no more crost,

Derry down, &c.

Great Claims are there made, and great Secrets
are known ;

And the King, and the Law, and the Thief has
his own :

But my Hearers cry out, what a duce dost thou ail,
Put off thy Reflections, and give us the Tale,

Derry down, &c.

'Twas then, in civil Respect to harsh Laws,
And for want of false Witness to back a bad Cause,
A Norman, tho' late, was oblig'd to appear,
And who to assist, but a grave *Cordelier* ?

Derry down, &c.

of ENGLISH SONGS.

3

The 'Squire whose Good Grace was to open the
Scene,

Seem'd not in great Haste that the Show shou'd
begin :

Now fitted the Halter, now travers'd the Carr,
And often took leave, but was loath to depart.

Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my good Son? says the
Priest,

You murther'd, are sorry, and have been confess'd.

O Father! my Sorrow will scarce save my Bacon,
For 'twas not that I murther'd, but that I was
taken.

Derry down, &c.

Pough! prithee ne'er trouble thy Head with such
Fancies,

Rely on the Aid you shall have from St. Francis:

If the Money you promis'd be brought to the Chest,

You have only to die, let the Church do the rest.

Derry down, &c.

And what will Folks say, if they see you afraid?

It reflects upon me, as I knew not my Trade:

Courage, Friend; to day is your Period of Sorrow,

And things will go better, believe me, to morrow.

Derry down, &c.

To morrow? our Heroe reply'd, in a Fright,
He that's hang'd before Noon ought to think of
to night.

Tell your Beads, quoth the Priest, and be faith-
truss'd up,
For you surely to night shall in *Paradise* sup,
Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the 'Squire, howe'er sumptuous the
Treat,

Parblew, I shall have little Stomach to eat:
I shou'd therefore esteem it great Favour and
Grace,

Wou'd you be so kind as to go in my Place.
Derry down, &c.

That I wou'd, quoth the Father, and thank you to
boot,

But our Actions, you know, with our Duty must
suit:

The Feast I propos'd to you I cannot taste,
For this Night by our Order is mark'd for a Fast,
Derry down, &c.

Then, turning about to the Hangman, he said,
Dispatch me, I pr'ythee, this troublesome Blade;
For thy Cord and my Cord both equally tie,
And we live by the Gold for which other Men die.
Derry down, &c.

SONG III.

DAMON to *Silvia*, when alone,
Did thus express his Love:
Fair Nymph, I must a Passion own,
Which else would fatal prove.

of ENGLISH SONGS.

7

Can you a faithful Shepherd see,
Who languishes in Pain,
And yet so cruel-hearted be
To let him sue in vain.

Then with his Eyes all full of Fire,
And winning Phrases, he

Intreated her to ease Desire,
And grant him Remedy.

Allur'd with am'rous Looks, the Maid,
Fearing he might prevail,

Begg'd that he would no more persuade
A Virgin that was frail.

Fear not, dear Nymph, replies the Swain,
There's none can know our Bliss!

None can relate our Loves again,
While this Place silent is:

Then *Damon*, with a lov'd Surprise,
Leapt close into her Arms;

With ravishing Delights he dies,
And melts with thousand Charms.

SONG IV.

O Ye blest Pow'rs! propitious be
Unto my growing Love;

None can create my Misery
If *Chloe* constant prove;

Tell her, if that she'll pity me,
From her you'll ne'er remove.

Each Breeze of Air my groans shall bear
Unto her gentle Breast;

Silently whisp'ring in her Ear,
 I never can be blest;
 If she refuse to be my Dear,
 I never can have Rest.
 Ye Groves that hear each Day my Grief,
 Bear Witness of my Pain;
 Tell her, I die, if no Relief
 I from her Pow'r can gain:
 Tell her, ah! tell that pretty Thief,
 I die through her Disdain.
 Perhaps she may with piteous Eyes,
 When dead, my Hearse survey;
 And when my Soul 'mongst Deities
 Doth melt in Sweets away,
 Then may she curse those Victories
 That did my Heart betray.

SONG V.

IN vain a thousand Slaves have try'd
 To overcome *Clarinda's* Pride:
 Pity pleading,
 Love persuading;
 When her icy Heart is thaw'd,
 Honour chides, and strait she's aw'd:
 Foolish Creature,
 Follow Nature,
 Waste not thus your Prime;
 Youth's a Treasure,
 Love's a Pleasure,
 Both destroy'd by Time.

of ENGLISH SONGS.

SONG VI.

SINCE you no longer will be kind,
But my Embraces shun,
Bacchus shall ease my am'rous Mind,
To his Embrace I run.

Wine gives a Pleasure unrestrain'd,
Dispells the frantick Spleen;
Tho' Wishes cannot be attain'd,
Looks still are joyful seen.

The God within his gladsome Cave
No Care nor Grief allows;
He laughs to Scorn the sober, grave,
And sighing Lover's Vows.

Then, *Phillis*, do whate'er you can,
I dully will not pine,
I'll ne'er forget I am a Man,
But seek my Cure from Wine.

That sullen Look, and hafty Kiss,
That Air reserv'd and coy,
That cold Denial of the Bliss
Shall not my Ease destroy.

If you no more can love like me,
Why should it give me Pain?
Frail Women will inconstant be,
Nor Art their Will can chain.

10 A COLLECTION

As well I might cross Winds deplore,
At rising Tempests rave,

As hope a wav'ring Mind to cure,
Nature its Course will have.

Then welcome more enduring Joys,

LONG shall my Doctor be,

A Club of witty, toping Boys,

And Love, adieu to thee.

SONG VII.

CORINNA in the Bloom of Youth

Was coy to every Lover,

Regardless of the tend'rest Truth,

No soft Complaint cou'd move her.

Mankind was hers: All at her Feet

Lay prostrate and adoring;

The Witty, Handsome, Rich and Great,

In vain alike imploring.

But now grown old, she would repair

Her Loss of Time and Pleasure,

With willing Eyes and wanton Air,

Inviting ev'ry Gazer.

But Love's a Summer Flow'r that dies

With the first Weather's changing;

The Lover, like the Swallow, flies

From Sun to Sun, still ranging.

of ENGLISH SONGS. II

lyra, let this Example move
Your foolish Heart to Reason:
Youth is the proper time for Love,
And Age is Vertue's Season.

SONG VIII.

COME, all ye Youths, whose Hearts e'er bled
By cruel Beauty's Pride,
Bring each a Garland on his Head,
Let none his Sorrows hide:
Put Hand in Hand around me move,
Singing the saddest Tales of Loves;
And see, when your Complaints ye join,
All your Wrongs can equal mine.

The happiest Mortal once was I,
My Heart no Sorrows knew;
Till the Pain with which I die,
But ask not whence it grew:
Yet if a tempting Fair you find,
That's very lovely, very kind,
Tho' bright as Heaven, whose Stamp she bears,
Think of my Fate, and shun her Snares.

SONG IX.

WHILE I, fair *Delia*, view thy Face,
And ev'ry Charm admire,
Thy Eyes a thousand Raptures raise,
And burn me with Desire.

Transported thus, thou lovely Maid!
 With Pleasure I gaze on,
 'Till, by my heedless Look betray'd,
 I'm unawares undone.

Thus the poor Wretch, whose luckless Sight
 The fatal Serpent spies,
 Looks on, and gazes with Delight,
 But, as he gazes, dies.

SONG X.

WHY, *Delia*, when I tell the Pain
 Which I endure from thy Disdain,

Art thou not touch'd at my Complaint?
 Oh! did'st thou know the Cares I feel!
 To what vast Height my Sorrows swell!

For Pity you'd relent.

When at the glad Approach of Day
 All Nature looks serene and gay,

And the pleas'd Birds their Joys proclaim,
 Then rising Griefs my Bosom rend,
 And ev'ry mournful Hour I spend
 In sighing out thy Name.

Say, Charmer, can't this Torment move
 That Heart, which seems aver'd to Love,

To grant some Ease to my Despair?

Say, must I hope no kind Return?

Must I with fruitless Passion burn,

And you as cruel be as fair?

of ENGLISH SONGS. 113

SONG XI.

YE Beaux of Pleasure,
Whose Wit at Leisure
Can count Love's Treasure,
Its Joy and Smart;
At my Desire
With me retire,
To know what Fire
Consumes my Heart.

Three Moons that hasted
Are hardly wasted
Since I was blasted
With Beauty's Ray.
Aurora shews ye
No Face so rose,
No *July* Posie
So fresh and gay.

Her Skin by Nature
No Ermin better,
Tho' that fine Creature
Is white as Snow:
With blooming Graces
Adorn'd her Face is,
Her flowing Traces
As black as Sloe.

She's tall and slender,
 She's soft and tender;
 Some God commend her,

My Wit's too low :
 'Twere joyful Plunder
 To bring her under ;
 She's all a Wonder
 From Top to Toe.

Then cease, ye Sages,
 To quote dull Pages,
 That in all Ages

Our Minds are free :
 Tho' great your Skill is,
 So strong the Will is,
 My Love for *Phillis*
 Must ever be.

SONG XII.

TH O', *Flavia*, to my warm Desire
 You mean no kind Return,
 Yet still with undiminish'd Fire
 You wish to see me burn.

Averse my Anguish to remove,
 You think it wond'rous right,
 That I love on, for ever love,
 And you for ever slight.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 15

But you and I shall ne'er agree.

So, gentle Nymph! adieu;

Since you no Pleasure have for me,

I'll have no Pain for you.

SONG XIII.

Forsaken of my kindly Stars,

Within this melancholly Grove,

I waste my Days and Nights in Tears,

A Victim to ungrateful Love.

The happy still untimely End,

Death flies from Grief, or why should I

So many Hours in Sorrow spend,

Wishing, alas! in vain, to die?

Ye Pow'rs take Pity of my Pain,

This, only this is my Desire;

Ah! take from *Chloe* her Disdain,

Or let me with this Sigh expire.

SONG XIV.

I Said to my Heart, between sleeping and waking,

Thou wild Thing, that always art leaping or
aching,

What black, brown, or fair, in what Clime, or
what Nation,

By Turns, has not taught thee a Pit-a-par-ation?

16 A COLLECTION

Thus accus'd, the wild Thing gave this sober
Reply :

See the Heart without Motion, tho' *Calia* pass by !
Not the Beauty she has, nor the Wit that she bor-
rows,
Gives the Eye any Joys, or the Heart any Sorrows.

When our *Sappho* appears, she whose Wit's so re-
fin'd,

I am forc'd to applaud, with the rest of Mankind:
Whatever she says is with Spirit and Fire;
Ev'ry Word I attend, but I only admire.

Prudentia as vainly would put in her Claim,
Ever gazing on Heaven, tho' Man is her Aim:
'Tis Love, not Devotion, that turns up her Eyes,
Those Stars of this World are too good for the
Skies.

But *Chloe*, so lively, so easy, so fair,
Her Wit so genteel, without Art, without Care,
When she comes in my Way, the Motion, the Pain,
The Leapings, the Achings, return all again.

O wonderful Creature! a Woman of Reason!
Never grave out of Pride, never gay out of Season:
When so easy to guess who this Angel should be,
Wou'd one think Mrs. H---d ne'er dreamt it was
she?

SONG XV.

HOW blest are Beggars Lasses,
 Who never toil for Treasure;
 We know no Care, but how to share
 Each Day's successive Pleasure.
Drink away, let's be gay,
Beggars still with Bliss abound;
Mirth and Joy ne'er can cloy,
Whilst the sparkling Glass goes round.

A Fig for gaudy Fashions,
 No want of Clothes oppresses;
 We live at Ease with Raggs and Fleas,
 We value not our Dresses.
Drink away, &c.

We scorn all Ladies Washes,
 With which they spoil each Feature;
 No Patch or Paint our Beauties taint,
 We live in simple Nature.
Drink away, &c.

No Cholick, Spleen or Vapours,
 At Morn or Ev'ning tease us;
 We drink not Tea, or Ratafie;
 When sick, a Dram can ease us.
Drink away, &c.

18 A COLLECTION

What Ladies act in private,
By Nature's soft Compliance,
We think no Crime, when in our Prime,
To kiss without a Licence.
Drink away, &c.

We know no Shame or Scandal,
The Beggars Law befriends us;
We all agree in Liberty,
And Poverty defends us.
Drink away, &c.

Like jolly Beggar Wenches,
Thus, thus we drown all Sorrow,
We live to Day, and ne'er delay
Our Pleasure till to morrow.
Drink away, &c.

SONG XVI.

AT Cynthia's Feet I sigh'd, I pray'd,
And wept, yet all the while
The cruel, unrelenting Maid
Scarce paid me with a Smile.

Such foolish tim'rous Arts as these
Wanted the Pow'r to charm,
They were too innocent to please,
They were too cold to warm.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 19

Resolv'd I rose, and softly prest
The Lilies of her Neck;
With longing, eager Lips I kiss'd
The Roses of her Cheek.

Charm'd with this Boldness, she relents,
And burns with equal Fire;
To all my Wishes she consents,
And crowns my fierce Desire.

With Heat like this *Pygmalion* mov'd
His Statue's icy Charms;
Thus warm'd, the marble Virgin lov'd,
And melted in his Arms.

S O N G X V I I.

Y O U N G *Damon*, once the happiest Swain,
The Pride and Glory of the Plain,
Yet see th' Effects of Love!
Depriv'd of all his former Rest,
Shunn'd Company, with Grief oppress'd,
And sought the thickest Grove.

The Nymphs and Swains all strove to find
What 'twas disturb'd the Shepherd's Mind,
But when they begg'd to know,
He only shook his drooping Head,
And sighing mournfully he said,
My Fate will have it so.

Myrtilla hearing of his Woes,
 Came too, and kindly ask'd the Cause
 Of all his mighty Pain:
 The Youth, transported and amaz'd
 To hear her charming Voice, soon rais'd
 His Head, and thus began:

I love, but 'tis a Nymph so fair
 That I of all Success despair,
 And nought expect but Scorn;
 And oh! forgive, since ask'd by you,
 If further I my Tale pursue,
 And say, for you I burn.

The Nymph then blush'd, and smiling said,
 And is it thus you court a Maid,
 With sighing and with pining?
 In Love, the want of Confidence
 Is ten times worse than want of Sense;
 Rise, Man, and leave your whining.

SONG XVIII.

TAKE my Word, when I declare
 I can never, no, no, never,
 No, no, never ease your Care:
 Thus I think of ev'ry Lover,
 No one yet was ever true:
 Ah what Weakness they discover,
 Who this Passion can't subdue!

SONG XIX.

YOU that love Mirth, attend to my Song,
 A Moment you never can better employ;
 Sawny and Teague were trudging along,
 A bony Scots Lad, and an Irish Dear-Joy;
 They neither before had seen a Wind-mill,
 Nor had they heard ever of any such Names;
 As they were a walking,
 And merrily talking,
 At last, by meer Chance, to a Wind-mill they
 came.

Ha, ha! says Sawney, what do ye ca' that?
 To tell the right Name o't I am at a Loss.
 Teague very readily answer'd the Scor,
 Indeed I believe it'sh Shaint Patrick's Cross.
 Says Sawny, ye'll find your sell mickle mistaken,
 For it is Saint Andrew's Cross, I can swear;
 For there is his Bonnet,
 And Tartans hang on it,
 The Plad and the Trews our Apostle did wear.
 Nay, o' my Shoul, Joy, thou tellest all Lees,
 For that I will shwear is Shaint Patrick's Coac.
 I shce't him in Ireland buying the Freeze,
 And that I am shure ish the shame that he
 bought;
 And he is a Shainr much better than ever
 Made either the Covenant'sh sholemn, or League:

For o' my Shalwashion,
 He was my Relashion,
 And had a great Kindness for honest poor *Teague*.
 Wherefore, says *Teague*, I will by my Shoul,
 Lay down my Napshackle, and take out my
 And under this holy Cross set I will fall, [Beads,
 And shay *Pater-noshter*, and some of my Creeds.
 So *Teague* began with humble Devotion,
 To kneel before St. *Patrick's* Cross;
 The Wind fell a blowing,
 And set it a-going,
 And it gave our Dear-Joy a terrible Toss.
Sawny tehee'd, to see how poor *Teague*
 Lay scratching his Ears, and roll'd on the Grass,
 Swearing, it was surely the De'il's Whirlygig,
 And none (he roar'd out) of St. *Patrick's* Cross;
 But ish it indeed, cries he in a Passion,
 The Cross of our Shaint that has cross't me so sore,
 Upo' my Salwashion,
 This shall be a Cawshion,
 To trust to Shaint *Patrick's* Kindness no more.
Sawny to *Teague* then merrily cry'd,
 This Patron of yours is a very bad Loun,
 To hit you sic a fair Thump on the Hide,
 For kneeling before him, and asking a Boon:
 Let me advise you to serve our St. *Andrew*,
 He, by my Saul, was a special gude Man;
 For since your St. *Patrick*
 Has serv'd ye sic a Trick,
 I'd see him hang'd up ere I'd serv'd him again.

SONG XX.

WHENCE comes it, Neighbour Dick,
That you with Taste uncommon,
Have play'd the Girls this Trick,
And wedded an old Woman,
Happy Dick.

Each Belle condemns the Choice
Of a Youth so gay and sprightly;
But we your Friends rejoice,
That you have judg'd so rightly,
Happy Dick.

Tho' odd to some it sounds,
That on threescore you ventur'd;
Yet in ten thousand Pounds
Ten thousand Charms are center'd,
Happy Dick.

Beauty, we know, will fade,
As doth the short-liv'd Flow'r;
Nor can the fairest Maid
Insure her Bloom an Hour,
Happy Dick.

Then wisely you resign,
For sixty, Charms so transient,
As the curious Value Coin,
The more for being ancient,
Happy Dick.

With Joy your Spouse shall see
 The fading Beauties round her,
 And she herself still be
 The same that first you found her,

Happy Dick,

Oft is the married State
 With Jealousies attended;
 And hence, thro' soul Debate,
 The Nuptial Joys suspended,

Happy Dick,

But you, with such a Wife,
 No jealous Fears are under,
 She's yours alone for Life,
 Or much we all shall wonder,

Happy Dick,

Her Death wou'd grieve you sore,
 But let not that torment you!
 O'my Life she'll see fourscore,
 If that will but content you,

Happy Dick,

On this you may rely,
 For the Pains you took to win her,
 She'll ne'er in Child-bed die,
 Unless the D--l's in her,

Happy Dick,

Some have the Name of Hell
 To Matrimony given;

of ENGLISH SONGS. 25

How falsely, you can tell,
Who find in such a Heaven,

Happy Dick.

With you each Day and Night

Is crown'd with Joy and Gladness;

While envious Virgins bite

The hated Sheets for Madness,

Happy Dick.

With Spouse long share the Bliss.

Y'had mis'd in any other;

And when you've bury'd this,

May you have such another,

Happy Dick.

Observing hence by you,

In Marriage such Decorum,

Our wiser Youth shall do

As you have done before 'em,

Happy Dick.

SONG XXI.

DAPHNIS stood penfive in the Shade,

With Arms across, and Head reclin'd;

Pale Looks accus'd the cruel Maid,

And Sighs reliev'd his love-sick Mind;

His Tuneful Pipe all broken lay,

Looks, Sighs, and Actions seem'd to say,

My Chloe is unkind.

D

Why ring the Woods with warbling Throats?
Ye Larks, ye Linnets, cease your Strains;
I faintly hear in your sweet Notes
My *Chloe's* Voice, that wakes my Pains:
Yet why should you your Song forbear?
Your Mates delight your Song to hear,
But *Chloe* mine disdains.

As thus he melancholly stood,
Dejected as the lonely Dove,
Sweet Sounds broke thro' the Grove.
I feel the Sound, my Heart-strings move:
'Twas not the Nightingale that sung;
No, 'tis my *Chloe's* sweeter Tongue;
Hark, hark, what says my Love!

How foolish is the Nymph (she cries)
Who trifles with her Lover's Pain!
Nature still speaks in Woman's Eyes,
Our artful Lips were made to feign.
O *Daphnis*, *Daphnis*! 'twas my Pride,
'Twas not my Heart, thy Love deny'd:
Come back, dear Youth, again.

As t'other Day my Hand he seiz'd,
My Blood with thrilling Motion flew,
Sudden I put on Looks displeas'd,
And hasty from his Hold withdrew.
'Twas Fear alone, thou simple Swain,
Then had'st thou prest my Hand again,
My Heart had yielded too.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 271

'Tis true, thy tuneful Reed I blam'd,
That swell'd thy Lip and rosy Cheek;
Think not thy Skill in Song defam'd,
That Lip should other Pleasures seek:
Much, much, thy Musick I approve;
Yet break thy Pipe, for more I love,
Much more, to hear thee speak.

My Heart forbodes that I'm betray'd,
Daphnis, I fear, is ever gone;
Last Night with *Delia's* Dog he play'd,
Love by such Trifles first comes on.
Now, now, dear Shepherd, come away,
My Tongue would now my Heart obey,
Ah *Chloe*! thou art won.

The Youth stept forth with hasty Pace,
And found where wishing *Chloe* lay,
Shame sudden lighten'd in her Face,
Confus'd, she knew not what to say:
At last, in broken Words, she cry'd,
To morrow you in vain had try'd,
But I am lost to day.

S O N G XXII.

As *Calia* in her Garden stray'd,
Secure, nor dreamt of Harm,
A Bee approach'd the lovely Maid,
And rested on her Arm.

The curious Insect thither flew,
 To taste the tempting Bloom;
 But, with a Thousand Sweets in View,
 It found a sudden Doom.

Her nimble Hand of Life bereav'd
 The daring little Thing,
 But first the snowy Arm receiv'd
 And felt the painful Sting.

Once only could that Sting surprize,
 Once be injurious found:
 Not so the Darts of *Calia's* Eyes,
 They never cease to wound.

Oh! wou'd the short-liv'd burning Smart
 The Nymph to Pity move,
 And teach her to regard the Heart
 She fires with endless Love!

SONG XXIII.

HARK how the Trumpet sounds to Battle,
 Hark how the thund'ring Cannons rattle,
 Cruel Ambition now calls me away,
 While I have ten thousand soft Things to say:
 While Honour alarms me,
 Young *Cupid* disarms me,
 And *Calia* so charms me,
 I cannot away.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 29

Hark again, Honour calls me to Arms,
Hark how the Trumpet sweetly charms;
Calia no more then must be obey'd,
Cannons are roaring, and Ensigns display'd:

The Thoughts of Promotion
Inspire such a Notion
Of *Calia's* Devotion,
I'm no more afraid.

Guard her for me, celestial Powers,
Ye Gods, bless the Nymph with happy soft Hours:
O may she ever to love me incline,
Such lovely Perfections I cannot resign;
Firm Constancy grant her,
My true Love shall haunt her,
My Soul cannot want her,
She's all so divine.

S O N G XXIV.

I'M not one of your Fops, who, to please a coy
Lass,
Can lie whining and pining, and look like an Ass.
Life is dull without Love, and not worth the pos-
sessing;
But Fools make a Curse, what was meant for a
Blessing.
While his Godship's not rude I'll allow him my
Breast,
But, by Jove, out he goes, shou'd he once break
my Rest.

I can toy with a Girl for an Hour, to allay
 The Fluster of Youth, or the Ferment of May;
 But must beg her Excuse, not to bear Pain or Anguish,
 For that's not to love, by her leave, but to languish.

SONG XXV.

PHILLIS, the young, the fair, the gay,
 The Youth that fain wou'd spoil ye,
 Gives you at once the Bloom of *May*
 And riper Blush of *July*.

While thus the soothing Rogue prepares
 His *Phillis* for his Pleasures,
 Learn, fair one, hence t'escape his Snares,
 And save your fairest Treasures.

The Blossoms by too hot a Taint
 Soon drop and fall neglected;
 And Fruit that has a Maggot in't,
 However fair's rejected.

SONG XXVI.

ONCE on a time, as old Stories rehearse,
 A Friar wou'd needs shew his Talent in
Latin,
 But was sorely put to't in the midst of a Verse,
 Because he cou'd find no Word to come pat in.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 31

Then at the Place

He left a void Space,

And so went to Bed in a desperate Case: T

When behold, the next Morning, a wonderful Rid-

dle,

He found it was strangely fill'd up in the middle.

CHORUS.

*Let censuring Criticks then think what they list
on't,*

*Who wou'd not write Verses with such an Assi-
stant?*

This put the good Friar into an Amazement,

For he wisely consider'd it must be a Sprite,

That came thro' the Key-hole, or in at the Case-
ment,

And it needs must be one that cou'd both read
and write :

Yet he did not know

If it were Friend or Foe,

Or whether it came from above or below.

Howe'er it was civil in Angel or Elf,

For he ne'er cou'd have fill'd it so well of himself.

CHORUS.

*Let censuring Criticks then think what they list
on't,*

*Who wou'd not write Verses with such an Assi-
stant?*

Even so Master Doctor had puzzled his Brains,

In making a Ballad, but was at a Stand;

He had mix'd little Wit with a great deal of Pains,
When he found a new Help from invisible Hands:

Then good Dr. Swift,

Pay Thanks for the Gift,

For you freely must own you were at a dead Lift;

And tho' some malicious young Spirit did do't,

You may know by the Hand it had no cloven Foot.

CHORUS.

*Let censuring Criticks then think what they list
on't,*

*Who would not write Verses with such an Assi-
stant?*

SONG XXVII.

L Onely Groves young *Strephon* chusing,
There t'indulge his am'rous musing,

Love augments, while Love he blames.

Cruel Love! you cause my Anguish,

Thus with Care I pine and languish,

Thus consume amid your Flames.

I despair at *Calia's* frowning;

When she weeps, in Tears I'm drowning;

Smiles give pleasing Pains at best.

Love, who heard the Youth upbraid him,

Conscious of his Presence made him,

And his Godhead thus exprest:

While you speak of Pains and dying,
Soothing Rapture you're enjoying;
My soft Empire's built on Sighs;
When those anxious Cares are over,
Soon you lose the Name of Lover;
Love insipid grows, and dies.

SONG XXVIII.

THE happiest Mortals once were we,
I lov'd Myra, Myra me;
Each desirous of the Blessing,
Nothing wanting but possessing;
I lov'd Myra, Myra me,
The happiest Mortals once were we.

But since cruel Fates dis sever,
Torn from Love, and torn for ever,
Tortures end me,
Death befriend me;
Of all Pains the greatest Pain
Is to love ——— and love in vain!

SONG XXIX.

THE Sun was now withdrawn,
The Shepherds home were sped,
The Moon wide o'er the Lawn
Her Silver Mantle spread,

When *Damon* stay'd behind,
And faunter'd in the Grove :
Will ne'er a Nymph be kind,
And give me Love for Love?

Oh ! those were Golden Hours,
When Love, devoid of Cares,
In all *Arcadia's* Bow'rs
Lodg'd Swains and Nymphs by Pairs.
But now from Wood and Plain
Flies ev'ry sprightly Lark;
No Joys for me remain,
In Shades, or on the Grass.

The winged Boy draws near,
And thus the Swain reproves :
While Beauty revell'd here,
My Game lay in the Groves :
At Court I never fail
To scatter round my Arrows,
Men fall as thick as Hail,
And Maidens love like Sparrows.

Then, Swain, if me you need,
Strait lay your Sheep-hook down,
Throw by your Oaten Reed,
And haste away to Town :
So well I'm known at Court,
None ask where *Cupid* dwells,
But readily resort
To B_____n's or L_____ll's.

SONG XXX.

OF all the Girls that e'er were seen,
 There's none so fine as *Nelly*,
 For charming Face, and Shape, and Mien,
 And what's not fit to tell ye:
 Oh! the turn'd Neck, and smooth white Skin
 Of lovely dearest *Nelly*!
 For many a Swain it well had been
 Had she ne'er past by *Calai*--
 For when as *Nelly* came to *France*,
 (Invited by her Cousins)
 Across the *Tuilleries* each Glance
 Kill'd *Frenchmen* by whole Dozens:
 The King, as he at Dinner sat,
 Did beckon to his Hufar,
 And bid him bring his Tabby-Cat,
 For charming *Nell* to buss her.
 The Ladies were with Rage provok'd,
 To see her so respected;
 The Men look'd arch, as *Nelly* strok'd
 And Puss her Tail erected:
 But not a Man did Look employ
 Except on pretty *Nelly*;
 Then said the Duke de *Villeroy*,
Ab! qu'elle est bien jolie!
 But who's that grave Philosopher
 That carefully looks a'ter?
 By his Concern it shou'd appear
 The fair one is his Daughter.

Ma foy! (quoth then a Courtier fly)

He on his Child does leer too:

I wish he has no Mind to try

What some Papa's will here do.

The Courtiers all with one Accord

Broke out in *Nelly's* Praises,

Admir'd her *Rose*, and *Lys sans Farde*,

(Which are your *Terms Francoises*)

Then might you see a painted Ring

Of Dames that stood by *Nelly*;

She like the Pride of all the Spring,

And they like *Fleurs de Palais*.

In *Marli* Gardens, and *St. Clou*,

I saw this charming *Nelly*,

Where shameless Nymphs, expos'd to View,

Stand naked in each *Allée*;

But *Venus* had a brazen Face,

Both at *Versailles* and *Meudon*,

Or else she had resign'd her Place,

And left the Stone she stood on.

Were *Nelly's* Figure mounted there,

'Twould put down all th' *Italian*:

Lord! how those Foreigners would stare,

But I shou'd turn *Pygmalion*:

For spite of Lips, and Eyes, and Mien,

Me nothing can delight so

As does that Part that lies between

Her left Toe and her right Toe.

SONG XXXI.

MY Passion is as Mustard strong,
I sit all sober sad,
Drunk as a Piper all Day long,
Or, like a *March Hare*, mad.

Round as a Hoop the Bumpers flow,
I drink, yet can't forget her;
For tho' as drunk as *David's Sow*,
I love her still the better.

Pert as a *Pewr-monger* I'd be,
If *Molly* were but kind,
Cool as a *Cucumber* would see
The rest of *Womankind*.

Like a stuck Pig I gaping stare,
And eye her o'er and o'er,
Lean as a *Rake* with Sighs and Care,
Sleek as a *Mouse* before.

Plump as a *Partridge* I was known,
And soft as *Silk* my Skin,
My Cheeks as fat as *Butter* grown,
But as a *Groat* now thin.

I, melancholly as a *Cat*,
Am kept awake to weep,
But she, insensible of that,
Sound as a *Top* can sleep.

Hard is her Heart, as Flint or Stone,
 She laughs to see me pale;
 And merry as a Grig is grown,
 And brisk as bottled Ale.

The God of Love, at her Approach,
 Is busy as a Bee;
 Hearts sound as any Bell or Roach,
 Are smit, and sigh like me.

Ah me! as thick as Hopps or Hail,
 The fine Men crowd about her,
 But soon as dead as a Doot Nail,
 Shall I be, if without her.

Strait as my Leg her Shape appears,
 O! were we join'd together,
 My Heart would soon be free from Cares,
 And lighter than a Feather.

As fine as Five-pence is her Mien,
 No Drum was ever tighter;
 Her Glance is as a Razor keen,
 And not the Sun is brighter.

As soft as Pap her Kiffes are,
 Methinks I feel them yet,
 Brown as a Berry is her Hair,
 Her Eyes as black as Jet.

As smooth as Glass, as white as Curds,
 Her pretty Hand invites,

OF ENGLISH SONGS. 39

Sharp as a Needle are her Words,
Her Wit like Pepper bites.

Brisk as a Body Louse she trips,
Clean as a Penny drest,
Sweet as a Rose her Face and Lips,
Round as a Globe her Breast.

Full as an Egg, was I with Glee,
And happy as a King;
Good lack! how all Men envy'd me,
She lov'd like any thing.

But false as Hell, she, like the Wind,
Chang'd, as her Sex must do,
Tho' seeming as the Turtle kind,
And as the Gospel true.

If I and Molly could agree,
Let who will take Peru,
Great as an Emp'ror I should be,
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a Chick,
I'm dull as any Post,
Let us, like Burrs, together stick,
As warm as any Toast.

You'll know me truer than a Die,
And with me better sped,

Flat as a Flounder when I lie,
And as a Herring dead.

Sure as a Gun, she'll drop a Tear,
And sigh, perhaps, and wish,
When I'm as rotten as a Pear,
And mute as any Fish.

SONG XXXII.

Roger. COME, Love, let us join,
Come, pr'ythee be mine,
My only, my dear pretty Creature;
More my *Cicely* I prize
Than I do both my Eyes,
And than Honey to me she is sweeter.

Cicely. You think to persuade
A poor silly Maid,
Unskill'd in the Bus'ness of Wooings;
If you hold on your Jest,
I'll be gone, I protest,
For fear it shou'd prove my Undoing.

Rog. I'm in such a Fever,
The like it was never;
So dreadfully sore is my Smart,
That *Cupid*, I weet,
Were you but to see't,
Has bor'd a great Hole in my Heart.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 41

Cic. Yes, yes, the plain Case is,
You know all your Paces,
Whene'er you wou'd compass your Pleasure;
And if silly Wenches
Believe your Pretences,
They're left to repent at their Leisure.

Rog. In Pity forbear
To insult me, my Dear,
O spare while so sorely I languish!
What Room, dear unkind,
For Deceit can you find
In a Breast that is brim-full of Anguish?

Cic. Nay, nay, Roger, now
You wrong me, I vow,
I wou'd not be reckon'd hard-hearted:
But alas! I have known,
For believing too soon,
Poor Maids that have wofully smarted.

Rog. Pray do not suppose
That I'm one of those
Whocan leave their Sweet-hearts in the lurch:
I mean in good Sooth
To plight you my Troth,
When the Bans have been ask'd in the Church.

Cic. But then shou'd you soon,
With the first Honey-Moon,

Shou'd you forfeit the Troth which you plighted,
 Shou'd you cool to your Spouse,
 Laugh at all your past Vows,
 And *Cicely*, poor *Cicely* be flighted!

Rog. Come, Sweet, be not shy,
 On your True-love rely,
 Come, with hearty good Will let's agree;
 You may quit ev'ry Fear,
 When, without you, I swear
 All the World wou'd be nothing to me.

Cic. Well, I can't but approve
 Of so honest a Love,
 Nor dread to be such a one's Wife.

Rog. And a Love, my dear *Cis*,
 That's as honest as this,
 Is as long and as lasting as Life.

SONG XXXIII.

FAIN wou'd you ease my troubled Heart,
 And by Examples prove,
 That Men unhurt may feel the Dart,
 And bear the Pain of Love.

Why should not I then undergo
 The gen'ral Doom of all?
 'Tis granted, most survive the Blow,
 Yet many by it fall.

Your Counfels may my Thanks engage,
But not my Love controul;
Alas! such Juleps ne'er affwage
This Fever of the Soul:

Such to the burning Patient give,
When Fate approaches nigh,
Tell him that Thousands thro' it live,
While he must by it die.

S O N G XXXIV.

CLARINDA, the Pride of the Plain,
So fam'd for her conquering Charms,
Repenting her Scorn of a Swain,
Sat penfive and folding her Arms.
Her Lute, and her shining Attire
Neglected, were laid at her Side,
While pining with hopelefs Desire,
The Damsel thus mournfully cry'd:

Ob! cou'd the past Hours but return,
When I triumph'd in *Angelot's* Heart,
Clarinda wou'd mutually burn,
Wou'd mutually suffer the Smarr:
But far from the Plain he is gone,
Enjoys the sweet Smiles of a Fair
Whose Kindness the Shepherd has won,
And *Clarinda* no more is his Care.

How oft at these Feet has he lain,
Bewailing his sorrowful Fate!

But all his Complaints were in vain,

I foolishly doated on State:

I long'd to be gaz'd at in Town,

To sparkle in golden Array;

By my Dress and my Charms to be known

In the Park, and at ev'ry new Play.

I thought, without Grandeur and Fame,

That Marriage no Blessing cou'd prove;

Some wealthy young Heir was my Aim,

And I slighted poor *Angelot's* Love:

Such Madness besotted my Mind,

I receiv'd all his Sighs with Disdain,

I regarded his Vows but as Wind,

And scornfully smil'd at his Pain.

How happy my Fortune had been,

Cou'd my Reason have conquer'd my Pride!

In Bliss I had rival'd a Queen,

Had I been my dear *Angelot's* Bride:

With him more Content I had found:

Than Grandeur and Fame can supply,

For his Fondness my Wishes had crown'd

With a Passion that never wou'd die.

I had feasted with innocent Joy

On the Pleasures of Kindness and Ease,

of ENGLISH SONGS. 45

While the Fears which the great ones annoy
Had ne'er interrupted my Peace:
But ah! that glad Prospect is gone!
His Love I can never regain,
And the Loss I shall ever bemoan,
'Till Death shall relieve me from Pain.

Thus wail'd the sad Nymph all in Tears,
When the Swain to the Green did advance;
In his Hand his new Consort appears,
With a Train gayly join'd in a Dance:
Impatient and sick at the Sight,
To the neighbouring Grove she retir'd,
(Once the Scene of her daily Delight)
And fainting, in Silence expir'd.

S O N G XXXV.

AS late, while Slumber did infold
My loos'ning Limbs with downy Hold,
And Fancy 'gan to play,
Methought my lucky Foot-steps led
Where, sunk upon her downy Bed,
The soft *Saphira* lay.

Her Cheeks engrain'd with such a Blush
As Roses wear upon the Bush
Unveiling to the Morn:

All bare her breathing Bosom rose,
Gently, as when the Zephyr blows;
Upon the wav'ring Corn.

A Thousand Passions fir'd my Soul;
At length unto the Bed I stole,
Yet did not enter in:
Ardent her Lily Hand I prest,
Stood gazing on her snowy Breast,
And kiss'd the stainless Skin.

Soon as my Lips its Kisses brings,
Love beat his softly-sounding Wings,
And 'woke the sleeping Fair:
Gently she rear'd her bended Head,
With sweet confusing Blushes said,
What mean you, Thyrsis, here?

Frown not, I cry'd, my charming Maid,
Forgive the Trespass Love has play'd,
'Twas Love decoy'd me here;
Love, taking Notice of my Pain,
Bid me no longer sigh in vain;
Forget, said he, your Care:

Follow, when *Cupid* leadeth on,
Come, see where he has fix'd his Throne,
And where I'll make you blest:
Behold the lovely Queen of Day!
He smil'd, and pointed where you lay
Lull'd in the Arms of Rest.

OF ENGLISH SONGS.

87

To morrow shall her Glories rise,
To gild the Morn, to glad the Skies,
And stretch her ample Reign:
What Numbers shall to morrow prove
The Pow'r of Beauty and of Love,
And grasp the Golden Chain!

Haste then, the present Hour employ,
To gain the Nymph for future Joy,
Made yours by Hymen's Chain:
The God commanded, I obey'd;
And why shou'd not my sweetest Maid
Consent to ease my Pain?

Long has my faithful Heart been try'd,
Let me no longer be deny'd;
Resign your courted Charms:
I am, my Dear, for ever thine,
Let Hymen make you ever mine,
And thus---thus---blest my Arms.

Saphira, smiling, feign'd a Scream,
Love laugh'd aloud, and broke my Dream;
The Scene all shifted Place:
The Nymph was vanish'd with her Charms,
The Pillow fill'd my clasping Arms,
And mock'd my fond Embrace.



SONG XXXVI.

ON a Bank, beside a Willow,
 Heav'n her Covering, Earth her Pillow,
 Sad *Amynta* sigh'd alone:
 From the chearless Dawn of Morning,
 'Till the Dews of Night returning,
 Singing, thus she made her Moan:
 Hope is banish'd,
 Joys are vanish'd,
Damon, my Belov'd, is gone.

Time, I dare thee to discover
 Such a Youth, and such a Lover,
 Oh! so true, so kind was he:
Damon was the Pride of Nature,
 Charming in his ev'ry Feature;
Damon liv'd alone for me:
 Melting Kisses,
 Murm'ring Blisses,
 Who so liv'd and lov'd as we?

Never shall we curse the Morning,
 Never bless the Night returning,
 Sweet Embraces to restore;
 Never shall we both lie dying,
 Nature failing, Love supplying
 All the Joys he drein'd before:
 To befriend me,
 Death, come, end me,
 Love and *Damon* are no more.

SONG XXXVII.

YE Nymphs and ye Swains, from the Groves
and the Plains,
Attend my Complaints, and give Ear to my Strains.
No Lover, in Story or ancient or new
Has suffer'd so much for a Passion so true.

The Nymph I adore's neither cruel nor kind,
To love seems averse, to my Friendship inclin'd.
She smiles when I'm gay, when I sigh, she looks
grave;
She admits me her Friend, but denies me her
Slave.

I tell her I'm dying, she asks what I ail;
I fall at her Feet, but alas! 'twon't avail.
She wonders why trembling I sigh and complain,
And pities my Case, tho' she laughs at my Pain.

A Bosom so frozen, what Lover can bear?
Or say, O ye Pow'rs! shall I hope or despair!
Or fly to a warmer or kinder than she,
Who'll as soon give me Pain, and as soon set me
free?

SONG XXXVIII.

ALL Materials are the same
Of Beauty and Desire;
In a fair Woman's goodly Frame

50 A COLLECTION

No Brightness is without a Flame,

No Flame without a Fire.

If on her Neck her Hair's display'd,

In many a curling Ring,

That Heat which serves to curl her Head

Wou'd make her mad to be a-bed,

To curl another Thing.

If Modesty itself appear,

With Blushes in her Face,

Think you, the Blood that dances there

Can revel it no other where,

Nor warm another Place?

Ask but of her Philosophy

What gives her Lips the Balm?

What makes her Breath to heave so high?

What gives such Motion to her Eye,

Or Moisture to her Palm?

Then be not nice, for that betrays,

Calia, thy Thoughts and thee;

There's ne'er a Beauty, nor a Grace,

Adorns thy Body or thy Face,

But pleads within for me.

III V X X X G N O S



of ENGLISH SONGS. 31

SONG XXXIX.

NO Glory I covet, no Riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me;
The one Thing I beg of kind Heav'n to grant,
Is a Mind independent and free.

With Passion unruffled, untainted with Pride,
By Reason my Life let me square;
The wants of my Nature are cheaply supply'd,
And the rest is but Folly and Care.

The Blessings which Providence freely has lent
I'll justly and gratefully prize;
Whilst sweet Meditation and cheerful Content
Shall make me both healthy and wise.

In the Pleasures the great Man's Possessions display
Unenvy'd I'll challenge my Part,
For ev'ry fair Object my Eye can survey
Contributes to gladden my Heart.

How vainly, thro' infinite Trouble and Strife,
The many their Labours employ!
Since all that is truly delightful in Life
Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

SONG XL.

WHY so pale and wan, fond Lover?
Pry'thee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well won't move her,

Looking ill prevail?
 Pry'thee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young Sinner?

Pry'thee, why so mute?

Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't?
 Pry'thee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for Shame, this will not move,
 This cannot take her;
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her,
 The Devil take her.

SONG XII

AS I saw fair *Chloe* walk alone;
 The feather'd Snow came softly down,
 Like *Jove* descending from his Tower,
 To court her in a Silver Shower.
 The wanton Snow flew to her Breasts,
 Like little Birds into their Nests;
 But, being o'ercome with Whiteness there,
 For Grief dissolv'd into a Tear;
 Then flowing down her Garment's Hem,
 To deck her, froze into a Gem.

SONG XLII.

AS *Chloe* o'er the Meadow past,
 I view'd the lovely Maid;
 She turn'd and blush'd, renew'd her Haste,
 And fear'd by me to be embrac'd,
 My Eyes my Wish betray'd.

I trembling felt the rising Flame,
 The charming Nymph pursu'd;
Daphne was nor so bright a Game,
 Tho' great *Apollo's* darling Dame,
 Nor with such Charms endu'd.

I follow'd close, the Fair still flew
 Along the grassy Plain;
 The Grass at length my Rival grew,
 And catch'd my *Chloe* by the Shoe;
 Her Speed was then in vain.

But oh! as tott'ring down she fell,
 What did the Fall reveal?
 Such Limbs Description cannot tell,
 Such Charms were never in the Mall,
 Nor Smock did e'er conceal.

She shriek'd, I turn'd my ravish'd Eyes,
 And burning with Desire,
 I help'd the Queen of Love to rise;
 She check'd her Anger and Surprise,
 And said, rash Youth, retire:

54 A COLLECTION

Begone, and boast what you have seen,
It shan't avail you much;
I know you like my Form and Mien,
Yet, since so insolent you've been,
The Parts disclos'd you ne'er shall touch.

SONG XLIII.

WH Y, cruel Creature, why so bent
To vex a tender Heart?
To Gold and Title you relent,
Love throws in vain his Dart.

Let glittering Fools in Courts be great,
For Pay let Armies move;
Beauty shou'd have no other Bait
But gentle Vows and Love.

If on those endless Charms you lay
The Value that's their Due,
Kings are themselves too poor to pay,
A Thousand Worlds too few.

But if a Passion without Vice,
Without Disguise or Art,
Ah *Celia*! if true Love's your Price,
Behold it in my Heart.



SONG XLIV.

COME Beaus, Virtuoso's, rich Heirs, and
Musicians,

Away, and in Troops to the Jubilee jog;
Leave Discord and Death to the College-Physicians,
Let the Vig'rous whore on, and the Impotent
flog:

Already Rome opens her Arms to receive ye,
And of ev'ry Transgression her Lord will forgive
ye.

Indulgencies, Pardons, and such holy Lumber
As cheap are there now as our Cabbages grown;
Whilst musty old Relicks of Saints without Num-
ber,

For barely the looking upon shall be shown:
These, were you an Atheist, wou'd needs overcome
ye,

That first were made Martyrs, and afterwards
Mummy.

They'll shew ye the River so sung by the Poet,
With the Rock from whence Mortals were
knock'd on the Head:

They'll shew ye the Place too, as some will avow
it,

Where once a She-Pope was brought fairly to
Bed:

For which, ever since, to prevent Interloping,
In a Chair her Successors still suffer a Groping.

What a Sight 'tis to see the gay Idol accouter'd
 With Mitre and Cope, and two Keys by his Side,
 Be his Inside what 'twill, yet the Pomp of his out-
 ward I shew.

Shews *Servus Servorum* no Hater of Pride,
 Those Keys into Heaven will as surely admit ye,
 As the Clerk's of a Parish to a Pew in the City.

What a Sight 'tis to see the Old Man in Procession,
 Thro' Rome, in such Pomp as her *Cæsars* did
 ride!

Here scatt'ring her Pardons, there crossing and
 blessing,

With all his shav'd spiritual Trainband by his
 Side,

As Confessors, Cardinals, Monks fat as Bacons,
 From rev'rend Arch-bishops, to rolie Arch-dea-
 cons.

There, for your Diversion, the more to regale ye,
 Fine Musick you'll hear, and high Dancing you'll
 see;

Men who much shall out-warble your am'rous
Fideli,

And make you meer Fools of *Balloon* and
L'Abbee:

And to shew you how fond they're to kiss *Vostres*
Manus,

Each *Padre* turns Pimp, and all Nuns *Courteza-
 na's*.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 57

And when you've some Months at old *Babylon*
been-a,
And on-Panders and Punks all your *Rhino* is
spent ;
And when you've seen all that's there to be seen-a,
You'll return, not so rich, tho' as wise as you
went :
And 'twill be but small Comfort, after so much
Expençe-a,
That your Heirs will do so just a Hundred Years
hence-a.

SONG XLV.

COSMELIA's Charms inspire my Lays,
Who, young in Nature's Scorn,
Blooms in the Winter of her Days,
Like *Glassenbury Thorn*.

Cosmelia cruel at Threescore,
Like Bards in modern Plays,

Four Acts of Life pass'd guiltless o'er,
But in the Fifth she slays.

If e'er, impatient for the Bliss,
Within her Arms you fall,
The plaister'd Fair returns the Kiss,
Like *Thisbe* thro' a Wall.

SONG XLVI.

WHEN thy Beauty appears
In its Graces and Airs,
As bright as an Angel new dropt from the Sky,
At Distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my Fears,
So strangely you dazzle my Eye!

But when, without Art,
Your kind Thoughts you impart,
When your Love runs in Blushes thro' every Vein;
When it darts from your Eyes, when it pants in
your Heart,
Then I know you're a Woman again.

There's a Passion and Pride
In our Sex (she reply'd)
And thus (might I gratify both) I wou'd do:
Still an Angel appear to each Lover beside,
But still be a Woman to you.

SONG XLVII.

GENTLE Zephyrs, silent Glades,
Purling Streams, and cooling Shades,
Senses pleasing,
Pains appealing,
Love each tender Breast invades.

Here the Graces Beauties bring,
Here the warbling Choirists sing;

of ENGLISH SONGS. 59

Love inspiring,
All desiring

To adorn the infant Spring.

Here behold the am'rous Swains,

Free from Anguish, free from Pains;

Nymphs complying,

Cares defying,

Venus smiling glads the Plains.

Let us not, too charming Fair,

Be the only hapless Pair :

O relieve me!

Cease to grieve me;

Ease your anxious Lover's Care.

Kindly here indulge my Love;

'Tis, my Dear, no tattling Grove,

Not revealing,

But concealing;

All to Love propitious prove.

In thy Air and charming Face,

Dwells an irresistible Grace,

Ever charming,

Love alarming,

To pursue the blissful Chase.

Let me touch this panting Breast;

Here for ever let me rest,

Bliss enjoying,

Never cloying,

Ever loving, ever blest.

SONG XLVIII.

STILL, *Chloe*, ply thy courtly Art,
 Touch and retouch thy Face,
 'Till the cosmetick Pow'rs impart
 A Bloom to ev'ry Grace.

What tho' the home-bred Country Maid
 To modest Rule's a Slave,
 Disdains all Use of white and red,
 But what plain Nature gave;
 Yet if to vie with thee she dare,
 Whoe'er the Umpire be,
 He must be blind, or must refer
 The Palm entire to thee.

For whilst her awkward Cheeks display
 Pale Rage or blushing Shame,
 No Change thy steady looks betray,
 They always shine the same.

SONG XLIX.

TO heal the Wound a Bee had made
 Upon my *Kitty's* Face,
 Honey upon her Cheek she laid,
 And bid me kiss the Place.
 Pleas'd, I obey'd, and from the Wound
 Imbib'd both Sweet and Smart;
 The Honey on my Lips I found,
 The Sting within my Heart.

SONG L.

PHILLIDA, that lov'd to dream

In the Grove, or by the Stream,

Sigh'd on Velvet Pillow :

What, alas ! shou'd fill her Head,

But a Fountain or a Mead,

Water and a Willow ?

Love in Cities never dwells,

He delights in rural Cells,

Which sweet Woodbine covers.

What are your Assemblies then ?

There, 'tis true, we see more Men,

But much fewer Lovers.

Oh, how chang'd the Prospect grows !

Flocks and Herds to Fops and Beaus,

Coxcombs without Number !

Moons and Stars, that shone so bright,

To the Torch, and waxen Light,

And whole Nights at *Ombre*.

Pleasant as it is to hear

Scandal tickling in our Ear,

Ev'n of our own Mothers ;

In the Chir-Chat of the Day,

To us is pay'd, when we're away,

What we lent to others.

62 A COLLECTION

Tho' the fav'rite Toast I reign,
Wine, they say, that prompts the Vain,
Heightens Defamation.
Must I live 'twixt Spite and Fear,
Ev'ry Day grow handsomer,
And lose my Reputation?

Thus the Fair to Sighs gave way,
Her empty Purse beside her lay :
Nymph, ah ! cease thy Sorrow ;
Tho' curst Fortune frown to night,
This odious Town can give Delight,
If you win to morrow.

SONG II.

SOL declining,
Cynthia shining,
Warm was the Season, and sweet the Air,
When *Philander*
Chanc'd to wander
In a close Thicket with *Phyllis* fair,
Love invading,
Hope perswading,
Yet was his Passion restrain'd by Fear.

Hopes collecting,
Fears subjecting,
Thus he began to avow his Flame :

of ENGLISH SONGS.

69

Fairest Creature,
Pride of Nature,
Slight not my Love, nor my Passion blame.
She disdain
His Complaining
Prompted the Youth to take surer Aim

He, grown bolder,
Plainly told her,
She must surrender her Maidenhead;
Words denying,
Looks complying,
Countenance changing, now pale, now red;
She resisting,
He persisting,
Love assisting, her Vertue seld.

Closely pressing,
Fond caressing,
Mutual Endearments each other charm'd;
She now lying,
Panting, dying,
Told him his Actions her Soul had warm'd:
Her disdain
Was but feigning;
She wou'd have hated him had he not storm'd,



SONG LI.

BEside a Stream repining,
In Pride of Beauty shining,
The Coquet *Alma* lay:
Young *Strephon* came to find her,
And vow'd to make her kinder,
Or weep his Soul away.

His Dear at length espying,
He seiz'd her Hand, and sighing,
Thus made his fond Complaint:
Ah! tell me, Fair unkindest,
What Pleasure 'tis thou findest
In giving so much Pain!

Your Eyes, 'tis true, securely
Maintain their Pow'r, yet surely
You will not let me die:
Let a kind Inclination
Answer my long-try'd Passion,
And with my Wish comply.

The Nymph, not fore unwilling,
Cou'd hear of Wounds and Killing,
Nor thought it much to stay:
But when, no more of dying,
His Talk was of complying,
She rose and fled away.

of ENGLISH SONGS.



The Swain too rose, pursuing,
Yet soon he stopr, and viewing,
The Nymph was out of Sight:
Pish! said he, why this Poeth?
I can but find another
That's ev'ry whit as bright.

SONG LIH.

BELINDA's blest with ev'ry Grace;
See Beauty triumphs in her Face:
Her Charms such lively Rays display,
They kindle Darkness into Day.

When she appears all Sorrow flies,
And Gladness sparkles in our Eyes;
Around her wait the flutt'ring Loves,
When graceful in the Dance she moves.

SONG LIV.

Beneath a shady Willow,
Hard by a purling Stream,
A Mossy Bank my Pillow,
I fancy'd, in my Dream,
That I the charming *Phyllis*
Did eagerly embrace;
Her Breast as white as Lilies,
And *Seraphina's* Face.

66 A COLLECTION

What Extraneous of Pleasure
 She gave to tell's in vain,
 When with the hidden Treasure
 She blest her am'rous Swain:
 Cou'd nought our Joys discover,
 And I my Dream believe,
 I so cou'd sleep for ever,
 And still be so deceiv'd.

But when I wak'd, deluded,
 And found all but a Dream,
 I fain wou'd have eluded
 The melancholly Theme,
 Ye Gods! there's no enduring
 So exquisite a Pain;
 The Wound is past all curing,
 That *Cupid* gave the Swain.

SONG LV.

WITH folded Hands and war'ry Eye
 The pensive Lover stood,
 And now survey'd the Willow Tree,
 And now the passing Flood.
 But while he paus'd upon the Brink,
Clarinda, laughing loud,
 Directs him to the Willow Tree,
 Or bids him chuse the Flood.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 67

Awak'd by her insulting Airs,
While Anger thrill'd his Blood,
He bravely scorn'd the Willow Tree,
And left the passing Flood.

SONG LVI.

YOUR *Cupid* and your *Hymen* now,
When they prepare the Marriage Vow,
Assume the wily Lawyers Brow,
And ask what Jointure Friends allow,

No more they talk of mutual Pain,
The Heart below'd that loves again,
And when they do, they only feign;
Without the Wealth the Passion's vain.

SONG LVII.

YOU tell me 'tis dissembled Love,
Whene'er I speak my Pain;
My Pray'rs have lost the Pow'r to move,
And all my Vows are vain.

But why betrays my Soul Surprise
As those bright Charms appear?
Why dwell on you alone my Eyes,
Amidst a Thousand Fair?

Mark how I roam from Place to Place,
 Yet anxious find no Rest;
 Think whence the Paleness in my Face,
 And panting of my Breast.

Yes, yes, dear Girl! no Credit pay
 To aught that may deceive;
 Grant still no Faith to what I say,
 But what you see believe.

SONG LVIII.

SEE how the Captive Lark,
 While Clouds obscure the Skie,
 Sits pensive in his Cage,
 And pines for Liberty.

But if the Sun breaks forth,
 He strait renews his Note,
 Forgets he e'er was free,
 And swells his warbling Throat.

So when thy awful Brow
 Frowns with Disdain or or Hate,
 I groan beneath thy Yoke,
 And curse my ill-starr'd Fate.

But when thy Heav'nly Face
 With pleasing Smiles looks gay,

I blefs my Conqueror,
 And glory to obey.
 Then fince I'm doom'd thy Slave;
 Compaffionate my Pains;
 I beg not to be free,
 But give me eafy Chains.

S O N G L I X.

HOW long will *Cynthia* own no Flame,
 And my warm Suit difprove?
 Our Ages mutually proclaim,
 'Tis now the Time to love.

Ah! think how fswift each Minute flies,
 How Years will Form confume;
 No Lover, when you wither, dies,
 We ficken when you bloom.

Minerva, rough, and bred in War,
 The nuptial Joys declin'd;
 But had fhe been like *Venus* fair,
 She'd been like *Venus* kind.

In vain you force fevere Replies,
 And willing Nature wrong,
 While *Cupid's* languifh in your Eyes,
 Who can believe your Tongue?

Half to forbid, and half comply,
 Nor damps, nor blows Desire;
 In Looks as well as Words deny,
 Or put out Fire with Fire.

SONG LX.

IF Wine and Musick have the Pow'r
 To ease the Sickness of the Soul,
 Let *Phæbus* ev'ry String explore,
 And *Bacchus* fill the sprightly Bowl;
 Let them their Friendly Aid employ,
 To make my *Chloe's* Absence light,
 And seek for Pleasures to destroy
 The Sorrows of this live-long-Night.
 But she to morrow will return;
Venus, be thou to morrow great,
 Thy Myrtles strow, thy Odours burn,
 And meet the fav'rite Nymph in State,
 Kind Goddess, to no other Pow'rs
 Let us to morrow's Blessings own;
 Thy darling Loves shall guide the Hours,
 And all the Day be thine alone.

SONG LXI.

WHY sighs the Nymph to blaze at Court,
 To warm the Fopling's Breast,
 Since Vows of Love are there a Sport,
 And Constancy's a Jest.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 71

Not, fair one, caught by State;
 What is Pomp, compar'd to Love?
 Num'rous Cares on Grandeur wait,
 While Peace inhabits in the Grove.
 With her then, charming Maiden, stay,
 Whither, whither wou'd you fly;
 Think ere hence you post away,
 Cou'd you see poor *Phaon* die?
 Certain Death to him you give,
 When you from the Plains depart;
 How alas! shou'd *Phaon* live,
 Who losing you—must lose his Heart.

SONG LXII.

TO all ye Ladies now at Bath,
 And eke, ye Beaus, to you,
 With aching Heart, and war'ry Eyes,
 I bid my last Adieu.
 Farewel, ye Nymphs, who Waters sip,
 Hot reeking from the Pumps,
 While Musick lends her friendly Aid,
 To cheer you from the Dumps.
 Farewel, ye Nymphs, who prating stand,
 And criticize the Fair,
 Your selves the Joke of Men of Sense,
 Who hate a Coxcomb's Air.
 Farewel to *Deard's*, and all her Toys,
 Which glitter in the Shop,
 Deluding Traps to Girls and Boys,
 The Warehouse of the Fop.

Lindsay's and *Hayes's* both farewell,
 Where in the spacious Hall
 With bounding Steps and sprightly Air
 I've led up many a Ball.

Where *Somerville* of courteous Mien
 Was Partner in the Dance,
 With swimming *Haws* and *Brownlow* blithe,
 And *Britton*, Pink of *France*.

Poor *Nash*, farewell! may Fortune's Smiles
 Thy drooping Soul revive;
 My Heart is full, I can no more—
John, bid the Coachman drive.

SONG LXIII.

He. **A** WAKE, thou fairest thing in Nature,
 How can you sleep when Day does break?
 How can you sleep, my charming Creature,
 When all the World you keep awake.

She. What Swain is this that sings so early
 Under my Window, by the Dawn?

He. 'Tis one, my Dear, that loves you dearly,
 Therefore in Pity ease my Pain.

She. Softly, else you'll 'wake my Mother,
 No Tales of Love she lets me hear;
 Go, tell your Passion to some other,
 Or whisper softly in my Ear.

He. How can you bid me love another,
 Or rob you of your beauteous Charms?
 'Tis time you were wean'd from your Mother,
 You're fitter for your Lover's Arms.

SONG LXIV.

AS *Damon*, who had hardly sped
In *Wedlock's* heavy Chains,
His tender Flock with *Thyrsis*' fed
Upon the smiling Plains,
Thus to the Youth the Sage exclaim'd,
And the curst Hour in which he marry'd damn'd.
Would'st thou, my Friend, in Pleasure live,
Nor thy Repose destroy?
Would'st thou the Bliss that Youth can give
Without Remorse enjoy?
Oh! shun that fatal Rock, a Wife,
That galls thy Days with endless Plagues and Strife.
For when at last you have attain'd
The great mysterious Bliss;
When you have that great something gain'd,
And find how fleeting 'tis,
You'll curse the fond and am'rous Heat,
And find out quickly who's the greatest Cheat.

SONG LXV.

THAT stately, lovely Shade
So gracefully does move,
'Tis *Venus* sure, in *Malquerade*
Descended from above.
From ev'ry Part such Graces shine,
Her gay majestic Air
And Motion speak her all divine;
It is some Heavenly Fair.

Yet sure that Form before I've seen
 That moves so smooth along;
 That comely Shape, and Angel's Mien
 To *Chloe* does belong.

Chloe, in vain you thus conceal
 Your Lustre from our Eyes;
 Your beauteous Charms themselves reveal
 In spite of the Disguise.

The splendid Sun does gild the Cloud
 That hides its glorious Light;
 And tho' you all your Beauties shroud,
 They still appear in Sight.

S O N G LXVI.

GO, lovely Rose,
 Tell her that wastes her Time and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be,

Tell her that's young,
 And shuns to have her Graces spy'd,
 That had'st thou sprung
 In Deserts, where no Men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the Worth
 Of Beauty from the Light retir'd:
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desir'd,
 And not blush to be admir'd.

Then die! that she
The common Fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of Time they share,
Who are so sweet and wond'rous fair!

SONG LXVII.

WHILE I listen to thy Voice,
Cbloris, I feel my Life decay;
That pow'rful Noise

Callesh my fleeting Soul away:
Oh! suppress that magick Sound,
Which destroys without a Wound.

Peace, *Cbloris*, peace; or singing die,
That together you and I
To Heav'n may go:

For all we know
Of what the Blessed do above
Is, that they sing, and that they love.

SONG LXVIII.

BEhold the Brand of Beauty rost!
See, how the Motion does dilate the Flame:
Delighted Love his Spoils does boast,
And triumph in his Game.

Fire to no Place confin'd
Is both our Wonder and our Fear,
Moving the Mind,
As Light'ning hurled thro' the Air.

High Heav'n the Glory does increase
 Of all her shining Lamps this artful way;
 The Sun in Figures such as these
 Joys with the Moon to play:
 To the sweet Strains they advance,
 Which do result from their own Spheres,
 As this Nymph's Dance
 Moves with the Numbers which she bears.

SONG LXIX.

LATELY on yonder swelling Bush,
 Big with many a coming Rose,
 This early Bud began to blush,
 And did but half it self disclose:
 I pluckt it, tho' no better grown,
 And now you see how full 'tis blown.
 Still as I did the Leaves inspire,
 With such a purple Light they shone,
 As if they had been made of Fire,
 And spreading so, would flame anon;
 All that was meant by Air or Sun,
 To the young Flow'r my Breath has done.
 If our loose Breath so much can do,
 What may the same in Forms of Love,
 Of purest Love and Musick too,
 When *Flavia* it aspires to move?
 When that which lifeless Buds persuades
 To wax more soft, her Youth invades!

SONG LXX.

'TIS not your Beauty can engage
 My wary Heart;
 The Sun, in all his Pride and Rage,
 Has not that Art;
 And yet he shines as bright as you,
 If Brightness could our Souls subdue.
 'Tis not the pretty things you say,
 Nor those you write,
 Which can make *Thyrsis*' Heart your Prey,
 For that Delight;
 The Graces of a well-taught Mind,
 In some of our own Sex we find.
 No, *Flavia*, 'tis your Love I fear;
 Love's surest Darts,
 Those which so seldom fail him, are
 Headed with Hearts:
 Their very Shadows make us yield,
 Dissemble well, and win the Field.

SONG LXXI.

O'ER the Desert, cross the Meadows,
 Hunters blew the merry Horn;
 Phœbus chas'd the flying Shadows;
 Ecceho the reply'd in Scorn;
 Still adoring,
 And deploing,
 Why must *Thyrsis* lose his Life?

Rivers murmur'd from their Fountains,
 Acorns dropping from the Oaks;
 Fawns came tripping o'er the Mountains;
 Fishes bit the naked Hooks;
 Still admiring,
 And desiring;
 When shall *Phyllis* be a Wife.

SONG LXXII.

She. **P**R'ythee tell me, faithless Swain,
 Why shou'd you such Passion feign,
 On purpose to deceive me?
 So soon as I to love began,
 Then you began to leave me.

He. *Celinda*, you must blame your Fate;
 Kindness has its certain Date,
 Ere we the Joys have tasted;
 Had you not then with feigned Hate
 Love's kindest Hours wasted.

Then weep no more, nor sigh in vain,
 But lay your Baits to catch again
 A more deserving Lover;
 For know, a Slave who's broke his Chain
 You never can recover.

SONG LXXIII.

CELINDA, think not, by dissaining,
 To vanquish my Desire,
 By telling me I sigh in vain,
 And feed a hopeless Fire;

Despair it self too weak does prove
Your Beauty to disarm,
By Fate I was ordain'd to love,
As you were born to charm.

SONG LXXIV.

PHILLIS, Men say that all my Vows

Are to thy Fortune paid;
Alas! my Heart he little knows,
Who thinks my Love a Trade.

Were I of all the Woods the Lord,
One Berry from thy Hand
More solid Pleasure wou'd afford
Than all my large Command.

My humble Love hath learnt to live
On what the nicest Maid
Without a conscious Blush can give
Beneath the Myrtle Shade.

Of costly Food it hath no need,
And nothing will devour;
But like the harmless Bee can feed,
And not impair the Flow'r.

A spotless Innocence, like thine,
May such a Flame allow,
Yet thy fair Name for ever shine,
As doth thy Beauty now.

I hear thee with my Lambs might stray,
Safe from the Fox's Pow'r:
Tho' ev'ry one becomes his Prey,
I'm richer than before.

SONG LXXV.

CHLOE is handsome, brisk and gay,
And gets new Lovers ev'ry Day;
For in her Eye doth dwell

A secret and a pow'rful Charm,
That wou'd the coldest Hermit warm,
And draw him from his Cell.

When first I saw her, I believ'd
An Angel's Form my Sight deceiv'd,
So graceful was her Mien;
And surely Angels cannot be
More bright than is this lovely she,
Who is of Beauty Queen.

How happy will the Youth be then
Who does with matchless Truth obtain
Possession of her Heart!
To meet with such a pow'rful Care,
The worst of Torments I'd endure,
(And laugh at all the Smart.

SONG LXXVI.

DAMON for Love still meets Disdain,
The Nymph makes no Return;
All she affords to heal his Pain,
Is to reward with Scorn.

The more he begs she'd hear his Vows,
The more she still denies;
The faster he her Steps pursues,
She still the faster flies.

OF ENGLISH SONGS. 81

At length she leaves her hasty Flight,

And turns to meet the Swain,

Surpriz'd she's now to find him slight

What he pursu'd with Pain.

My Crime (she cries) I see too late,

I shew'd my Flame too soon:

If I had still repay'd with Hate,

I'd had him still my own.

O lovely Nymphs, in time beware,

Nor yield your Hearts too soon,

Lest my unhappy Fate you share,

And be, like me, undone.

SONG LXXVII.

I Sing of sad Discords, that happen'd of late,

Of strange Revolutions, but not in the State;

How old England grew fond of old Tunes of her

own,

And our Ballads went up, and our Opera's down.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Our Opera's, I say, for with our English Money

We have paid for the Trills of Signora Cuzzoni;

Nor yet had Iy'd, had I said, *Senesino*

Has got a brave Spill of our good ready Rhino.

Derry down, &c.

They still pick out Pockets, and fear no Alarm,

For they thought their Sonata's for ever would

charm;

But the bold *Johnny Gay* he soon made it appear,
That the Songsters had got the wrong Sew by the

Ear. *Derry down, &c.*

For, nobly resolv'd their due Distance to teach 'em,
He let forth his *Canary Birds, Locket and Peachum*,
With these and their Mates put 'em clean to the rout,
And out-sung them all, for he sung them all out.

Derry down, &c.

No Quarter they found, no, nor time to take Breath,
He ply'd 'em so hard with the mighty *Macbeath*;
But Captain *Macbeath* did not quite do his Duty,
Hescar'd 'em, but let 'em go off with the Booty.

Derry down, &c.

And, if ever they dare to engage us agn,
My Life on't; they'll find we are still the best Men,
Proud *Rome* must knock under to fair *London City*,
And Knights of the Road prove too hard for Bar-
ditti.

Derry down, &c.

No more with a languishing Audience surrounded,
Their *Cyrena's* unrosin'd, their Voices dum-
founded,

They let drop in a Fright all their lofty Pretences,
And are out of their Wits to find us in our Senses.

Derry down, &c.

Now the Bone is remov'd, their Contentions may
cease,
And their long civil Wars end at last in a Peace;

of ENGLISH SONGS. 83

Now may each jealous Queen be the other's dear
Crony,

And *Faustina* shake Hands with her Rival *Curioni*.

Derry down, &c.

Tho' this Union I doubt would bring little Relief,
Since they still must remember, with Hearts full of
Grief,

How hard 'twas to leave an unfortunate Land,
To sing nothing at all but what all understand.

Derry down, &c.

We have sign'd 'em their Pass, and the vagabond
Throng

Now without Let or Hind'rance may jig it along,
Over Sea, over Land, thro' Geneva or France,

They have pip'd long enough, 'tis high time they
should dance.

Derry down, &c.

And what further remains, but to wish them well
home,

To the Doge, the Grand Duke, or the old Pope of
Rome?

They are gone, let 'em go, we shall see 'em no more;
And so farewell to *Bravo*, and farewell to *Encore*.

Derry down, &c.



SONG LXXVII.

WH O wou'd not gaze away his Heart
On *Mariana's* Eyes,
Did not her high and just Disdain
The bold Delight chastise?

Mirth and Joy she spreads around,
Like the Sun's cheerful Light,
When his returning Beams destroy
The Empire of the Night.

Her Beauty with Amazement striketh
(If with no more) the old;
Her Vertue tempers with Despair
The youthful and the bold;

Her Goodness so disarms her Wit
Of the offensive part,
Whilst others only charm the Ear,
She steals the very Heart.

Let us no more defame the Fair,
But learn to praise again;
Bright *Mariana's* Worth demands
A new and nobler Strain.

So to the feather'd Kind the Spring
Restores their wonted Voice;
On ev'ry Bough they sit and sing,
And court their new-made Choice.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 3

SONG LXXIX.

WINTER, thy Cruelty extend,
Till fatal Tempests swell the Sea;
In vain let sinking Pilots pray;
Beneath thy Yoke let Nature bend:
Let piercing Frost, and lasting Snow,
Thro' Woods and Fields Destruction sow!

Yet we, unmov'd, will sit and smile,
While you these lesser Ills create,
These we can bear; but gentle Fate,
And thou blest Genius of our Isle,
From Winter's Rage defend her Voice,
At which the list'ning Gods rejoice.

May that celestial Sound each Day
With Extasy transport our Souls,
Whilst all our Passions it controuls,
And kindly drives our Cares away;
Let no ungentle Cold destroy
All Taste we have of heav'nly Joy.

SONG LXXX.

AFTER the fiercest Pangs of hot Desire,
Between Pantbea's rising Breasts
His bending Breast *Philander* rests;
Tho' vanquish'd, yet unwilling to retire,

Close hugs the Charmer; and, asham'd to yield,
Tho' he has lost the Day, yet keeps the Field.

When, with a Sigh, the fair *Panthea* said,
What Pity 'tis, ye Gods, that all
The noblest Warriors soonest fall:
Then, with a Kiss, she gently rear'd his Head,
Arm'd him again to fight, for nobly she
More lov'd the Combat than the Victory.

But more enrag'd, for being beat before,
With all his Strength he does prepare
More fiercely to renew the War;
Nor ceas'd he 'till the noble Prize he bore:
Ev'n her such wond'rous Courage did surprize;
She hugs the Dart that wounded her, and dies.

S O N G LXXXI.

THRO' mournful Shades and solitary Groves,
Fann'd with the Sighs of unsuccessful Loves,
Wild with Despair, young *Thyrsis* strays,
Thinks over all *Amyra's* Heav'nly Charms,
Thinks he now sees her in another's Arms;
Then at some Willow's Root himself he lays,
The loveliest, most unhappy Swain,
And thus to the wild Woods he does complain:
How art thou chang'd, O *Thyrsis*! since the Time
When thou couldst love and hope without a Crime
When Nature's Pride and Earth's Delight,

of ENGLISH SONGS. 87

As thro' her shady Ev'ning Grove she past;
And a new Day did all around her cast;

Could see, nor be offended at the Sight,
The melting, sighing, wishing Swain,
That now must never hope to wish again.

Riches and Title! why shou'd they prevail
Where Duty, Love, and Adoration fail?

Lovely *Amyra*, shou'd'st thou prize
The empty Noise that a fine Title makes,
Or the vile Trash that with the Vulgar takes,
Before a Heart that bleeds for thee, and dies?
Unkind! but pity the poor Swain
Your Rigour kills, nor triumph o'er the Slain.

SONG LXXXII.

SEE what a Conquest Love has made!

Beneath the Myrtle's am'rous Shade
The charming fair *Corinna* lies,
All melting in Desire,
Quenching in Tears those flowing Eyes
That set the World on Fire.

What cannot Tears and Beauty do?

The Youth by Chance came by, and knew
For whom those chrystal Streams did flow;
And tho' he ne'er before
To her Eyes brightest Rays did bow,
Weeps too, and does adore.

So when the Heav'n's serene and clear,
 Gilded with gaudy Light, appear,
 Each craggy Rock, and every Stone
 Their native Rigour keep;
 But when in Rain the Clouds fall down,
 The hardest Marbles weep.

SONG LXXXIII.

WHEN first *Pastora* came to Town,
 The fresh Desire of ev'ry Heart,
 Her Innocence so fenc'd her own,
 She laugh'd at *Cupid* and his Dart.

Her Looks might all the World enflame,
 Themselves yet cold as freezing Snow,
 Which the bold Hand that thinks to tame
 Soon with unusual Heat will glow.

As when a Comet doth appear,
 We Stars and Moon no more respect:
 So while *Pastora* gilds our Sphere,
 All former Beauties we reject.

SONG LXXXIV.

ONCE on a Summer Ev'ning fair,
Sirena took the Country Air,
Myrtillo led the Way:

Four other Nymphs attendant shone,
Like Stars around the full-orb'd Moon,
Rob'd in superior Day.

A Hat, of plaited Straw-work, made
Aply to ev'ry Damsel's Head,
Supply'd a decent Skreen ;

Each lin'd with Silk of differing Hue,
Of fiery Red, of milder Blue,
And Heart-refreshing Green.

Thro' Pastures green, o'er Walks of Grass,
Thro' Fields of ripen'd Corn they pass,
In mirthful Chat along :

Nor stand'ring Wit, nor idle Tale,
Which oft in Female Talk prevail,
Employ'd each busy Tongue.

Their Theam was the descending Sun,
Who now in soften'd Glory shone,
Tho' ampler to behold :

They wonder'd at the Western Skies,
Stain'd with a Thousand differing Dyes,
And wash'd in Streams of Gold.

Here might you see a stretching Fan
Mark the far Landscape (as it ran)
Confus'dly laid in Blue ;
And there a waving Hat explains
The Colours of the nearer Plains,
Distinguish'd to the View.

One prais'd the calm and breathless Air,
 One the sweet Smells beyond Compare,
 Diffus'd from Greens around,
 All mingled with a pleasant Strife
 Their Praises of a Country Life,
 With peaceful Pleasures crown'd.

But oft *Myrtillo*, to be blest,
 Would steal *Sirena* from the rest,
 And ease his wounded Mind:
 From *Ovid* would he take his Cue,
 And talk such Things as Lovers do,
 To make the fair one kind.

Now 'gan the sinking Day to fail,
 And Night kick'd up the doubtful Scale,
 The Wand'ers haste along:
 A-while they stop, a-while they rest,
 The sweet *Sirena* they request
 To tune the sprightly Song.

The Nymph comply'd; but oh!--to tell
 What Musick from her Warbles fell,
 To Angels only's given:
 For sure such Melody of Sound
 As ne'er in mortal Voice was found
 Is likest that of Heav'n.

Myrtillo stood in sweet Surprise,
 Gay Pleasures wanton in his Eyes,
 His Ears unusual Transports prove;

While Beauty all her Rays diffus'd,
While Harmony her Chains unloos'd,
And fasten'd those of Love.

He gaz'd upon the tuneful Fair,
Her Charms serene, her easy Air,
His Heart by silent Treach'ry stole;
He listen'd to her Silver Song,
He caught it dropping from her Tongue,
And in Exchange resign'd his Soul.

Sirena, conscious of her Pow'r,
With Smiles her ended Song gave o'er,
That ended half his Bliss:
The Damsels all express'd their Joys;
Myrtillo bow'd in lowly-wise,
And thank'd her in a Kiss.

SONG LXXXV.

WHAT Nectar Sweets, with balmy Rills,
Belinda's ruby Lip distills!
Oh the soft ambrosial Bliss
Which once I tasted in a Kiss!
Cupid was Witness of the Fear,
He laugh'd to see our Faces meet:
He laugh'd, then bent his Ebon Bow,
And pierc'd my Bosom at a Blow:
The sweetly-painful pleasing Smart
Ran tingling to my leaping Heart,
Thrill'd thro' my Veins, and fir'd my Blood,
My Cheeks confess'd the Crimson Flood:

My Eyes too melt in soft Desires;
 They roll'd, they shone with humid Fires;
 Not half the Pleasure, half the Joy,
Adonis felt, when, weakly coy,
 Lodg'd in the Queen of Beauty's Arms,
 He rifled her immortal Charms.

The Queen of Beauty reigns no more,
 Nor Captive Gods express her Pow'r;
 Immortal Charms no more can boast,
 Since *Venus* in *Belinda's* lost;
Belinda, ever sweet and fair,
 Bright as new Sun-beams, soft as Air,
 Colours, in vain, to paint her try,
 The Pencil tires, the Fingers die;
 The Master, swell'd with Grief, despairs,
 His Colours sweeps, his Canvass tears,
 Inrag'd to find his Labours fail,
 And Nature o'er his Art prevail.

SONG LXXXVI.

STREPHON the young, the loveliest Swain,
 That ever grac'd th' *Arcadian* Plain,
 Fair *Celia* lov'd, nor lov'd in vain.

Hymen had warranted Delight,
 But still the Sun with hated Light
 Deferr'd the Pleasures of the Night.

To ease his Pain his Harp he strung,
 And charm'd the Wain of Night along,
 With his soft harmonious Song.

I.

Phæbus, Ruler of the Day,
Swiftly drive the Hours away;
In the Ocean drop the Light,
And hasten on the lazy Night.

II.

If e'er thou heard'st a Lover's Vow,
Propitious *Phæbus*, hear me now;
Since thou, who art the Sun, hast known
Love's Fires burn fiercer than thy own.

III.

And when by my Entreaties bow'd,
Thou set'st in yonder's Evening Cloud,
In *Thetis*' Bosom thou may'st lie,
And trust the Day to *Calia*'s Eye.

IV.

To her bright Look thy Rays will be
But what *Aurora* is to thee;
Envy shall make thee later rise,
And own the Conquest of her Eyes.

With such soft Musick did the Swain
Of Love's tormenting-Cares complain,
That *Phæbus* hasten on the Night,
And in the Ocean drop the Light;
To *Calia*'s Arms the *Strephon* came,
And in them quench'd as bright a Flame.

SONG LXXXVII.

WHY shou'd a Heart so tender break?
 O *Calia*! give its Anguish Ease:
 The Use of Beauty you mistake,
 Not meant to vex, but please.

Those Lips for smiling were design'd,
 That Bosom to be prest.

Your Eyes to languish and look kind,
 For am'rous Arms your Waist.

Each thing has its appointed Right
 Establish'd by the Pow'rs above;
 The Sun and Stars give Warmth and Light,
 The fair distribute Love.

SONG LXXXVIII.

FROM *White's* and *Will's*
 To purling Rills
 The love-sick *Strephon* flies;
 There, full of Woe,
 His Numbers flow,
 And all in Rhyme he dies.

The fair Coquet,
 With feign'd Regret,
 Invites him back to Town;
 But when in Tears
 The Youth appears,
 She meets him with a Frown.

Full oft the Maid
This Prank had play'd,
Till angry *Strephon* swore,
And, what is strange,
Tho' loth to change,
Wou'd never see her more.

SONG LXXXIX.

WANTON Gales that fondly play
Round about my love-sick Head,
Quickly waft my Sighs away
To the Nymph for whom I bleed.

Softly whisper in her Ear
All the Pains for her I feel,
All the Torments that I bear,
Tell her, she alone can heal.

Then with unsuspected Care
Gently fan her lovely Breast;
Happy you may revel there,
Where each God wou'd wish to rest.

SONG XC.

IN vain you tell your parting Lover
You wish fair Winds may waft him over;
Alas! what Winds can happy prove
That bear me far from what I love?

Alas! what Dangers on the Main
 Can equal those that I sustain,
 From slighted Vows and cold Disdain?
 Be gentle, and in Pity chase
 To with the wildest Tempests loose,
 That, thrown again upon the Coast
 Where first my Shipwreck'd Heart was lost,
 I may once more repeat my Pain,
 Once more in dying Notes complain
 Of slighted Vows and cold Disdain.

S O N G XCI.

C O M E let's be merry,
 Let's be airy,
 'Tis a Folly to be sad;
 For since the World's grown mad, mad, mad,
 Why shou'd we alone be wise,
 And, like dull Fools, gaze on other Mens Joys?

Let not to morrow
 Bring us Sorrow,
 While the Stream of Life flows on;
 But when the blissful Day is past,
 Still endeavour that the next
 Be full as gay, and as little perplex'd.

If you have Leisure,
 Follow Pleasure,
 Let not an Hour of Bliss pass by;
 For as the fleeting Minutes fly,

Time it will your Youth decay;
Then strive to live and be blest while you may.

If you have Plenty,
Nought will torment you,
But yet yourselves yourselves may annoy;
Hearty and free's the poor Man's Joy:
Gladly yielding, the Minutes pass,
And when old Time shakes him, takes off his
Glas.

S O N G XCII.

THE terrible Law,
When it fastens its Paw
On a poor Man, it gripes 'till he's undone;
And what I am doing
May turn to my Ruin,
Tho' rich as the Lord May'r of London.

Therefore I'll be wary
What Message I carry,
Unless we first make a zure Bargain;
I will be 'dempnify'd,
Thoroughly zatisfy'd
That ch'am shan't suffer a Varding.



S O N G . X C I I I .

I'LL sing you a Ditty, and warrant it true,
 Give but Attention unto me a while,
 Of Transactions at Court, and in Country too;
 Toilsome Pleasures, and pleasing Toil.
 Accept it (I pray) as your Help-Mates you take,
 To some 'twill give Joy,
 And some others annoy,
 All's fair at a Country Wake. All's fair, &c.

At Courts we see Patriots noble and just,
 Fit for Employments of Honour and Pow'r;
 But then there are Sycophants, unfit for Trust,
 Blend with the Great, and in Number are more,
 Slaves, who wou'd Honour and Honesty stake,
 With sordid Intention
 To get Place or Pension;
 Strange News at a Country Wake. Strange, &c.

Some Ladies at Court are stil'd unpolite,
 Because truly virtuous, and prone to no Ill;
 Whilst others who sparkle in Diamonds bright
 Are stript of their Pride at *Basset* or *Quadrille*,
 Till their Losses at Play do their Lords Credit
 shake:

Then, their Toys to recover,
 They'll grant the last Favour;
 Strange News at a Country Wake. Strange, &c.

OF ENGLISH SONGS. 99

Here most of our Gentlemen Patriots are,
 Tho' very bad Statesmen, I freely confess;
 They design Harm to none—but a Fox or a Hare,
 And are always found loyal in War and in Peace.
 The Farmer's Industry does Earth fertile make;
 The Husbandman's Ploughing,
 His Planting and sowing,
 Gets Health and good Cheer at a Country Wake.
 Gets Health, &c.

Our Girls blooming fair, without Washes or Paints,
 From neighbouring Villages hither resort;
 They kiss sweet as Roses, yet virtuous as Saints
 (Who can say more for the Ladies at Court)
 No worldly Cares vex them asleep or awake,
 But their Time they improve
 In Peace and true Love,
 And innocent Mirth at the Country Wake.
 And innocent, &c.

The Schemes of a Courtier are full of Intrigue;
 Here all's fair and open, dark Deeds we despise:
 Set rural Contentment 'gainst courtly Fatigue,
 Who chuses the former is happy and wise.
 Now let's pray for the King, and, for England's
 sake,
 From all Faction free,
 May his Subjects agree,
 As well at the Court as the Country Wake.
 As well, &c.

SONG XCIV.

SWEET, good-humour'd *Emily*,
 Every Charm I view in thee;
 People fancy Beauty lies
 In the Features, Lips or Eyes,
 Rosy Cheek, or dimpled Chin,
 Or the Whiteness of the Skin:
 Let 'em be deceiv'd for me,
 Were it not a Wrong to thee,
 Sweet, good-humour'd *Emily*.

No, mistaken, 'tis not thence:
 Beauty rises out of Sense;
 Any Eye may shape, with Art,
 Lovely Looks that win the Heart;
 Any Lip the Soul may move,
 With peculiar Smiles to Love,
 Sense has Charms for any Face,
 Sense for any Form has Grace:
 Thus, with Pleasure, thus I see
 Ev'ry Charm and Grace in thee,
 Sweet, good-humour'd *Emily*.

SONG XCV.

NO, no, 'tis in vain in this turbulent Town
 To expect either Pleasure or Rest;
 To Hurry and Nonsense still tying us down,
 'Tis an over-grown Prison at best.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 101

From hence to the Country escaping away,
Leave the Crowd and the Bustle behind,
And then you'll see liberal Nature display
A thousand Delights to Mankind,

The Change of the Seasons, the Sports of the Fields;
The sweetly-diversify'd Scene,
The Groves, and the Gardens, and every thing
yields
A Chearfulness ever serene.

Here, here from Ambition and Avarice free,
My Days may I quietly spend;
Whilst the Cits and the Courtiers, unenvy'd for
me,
May gather up Wealth without end.

No, I thank 'em, I would not, to add to my Store,
My Peace and my Freedom resign:
For who, for the sake of possessing the Ore
Wou'd be sentenc'd to dig in the Mine?

S O N G XCVI.

NEVER trust the brainless Crowd,
Ever forward, ever loud,
Like professing Friend at Court,
Or the Dame who loves for Sport;

When you think them best inclin'd
 Friendship dies,
Calia flies;
 Love and Friendship turn to Wind.

SONG XCVII.

HOW vain the Power of Musick's Charms,
 While savage Sense with rude Alarms,
 Confounds the Peace of tender Airs,
 So in the Woods th' attracted Brute,
 While he seems melted by the Lute,
 His sweet Musician tears.

SONG XCVIII.

Damon. **W**HEN I was grateful in your
 Eye,
 Ere I was by a Rival vex'd;
 When parting, with reluctant Sigh,
 You'd ask, when shall I see you next?

When you had not, as I've found since,
Hilario for a new Protector;
 I thought myself great as a Prince,
 And richer than *South-Sea* Director.

Phillis. When humbler *Phillis* fill'd your Mind,
 My Heart was then at perfect Ease;

Ere you to *Chloe* was inclin'd,
And none but Quality wou'd please.

The Time then flew with speedy Wing,
And hurried over Months and Weeks;
I valu'd neither Mall nor Ring,
And envy'd none her Coach and Six.

D. Now lively *Chloe* rules my Heart,
Chloe, that's born of royal Race;
Her Int'rest (now she takes my Part)
At Court for Life procures a Place.

How bless'd with *Chloe* t'other Day:
When in her Closet none but we;
How did we laugh, and toy and play,
Telling soft Tales, and drinking Tea?

P. *Hilario* has an Uncle rich,
Has House, and Land, and Gardens fair;
I'll pat his Cheeks, his Heart bewitch,
And he shall make me Lady there.

We went to *Hampstead* for the Air,
And at the *Globe* we supp'd at Nine;
Where what we had I shan't declare,
Besides the Rabbits, Fruit and Wine.

D. What if we shou'd old Flames renew,
And I shake off fair *Chloe*'s Chain?

Will you for me, as I for you,
Recall your Heart, and love again?

P. Altho' his Temper's always sweet,
His Person too what I adore,
You whimsical and indiscreet,
Give me your Hand—I'll try once more.

SONG XCIX.

SOME liken Man to brittle Glass,
Some to a burning Taper,
To Garden Flow'r, or Meadow Grass,
Or to a rising Vapour.

But doubtless Beer in Barrel tun'd,
Or close in Bottle pent,
Does human Life thro' all its Round
Most clearly represent.

The Infant Drink will driv'ling dose,
And cry like Child in Cradle;
You must let neither lie too loose,
Nor yet too closely swaddle.

New Ale, we know, is full of Wind,
Wanting due Time to stale it,
The Dregs, not yet by Age refin'd,
Are nauseous to the Palate.

Fresh Hops sometimes our Art employs,
To rectify the Liquor;

of ENGLISH SONGS. 105

And who believes, but that to Boys
Correction is a Bitter?

At length, improv'd by rip'ning Age,
Both Man and Beer grow bright;
To Conversation they engage,
And ev'ry Friend delight.

But if the Cork be naught in one,
And weak the Head in t'other;
The Liquor's flat, a Dunce the Man,
And neither can recover.

S O N G C.

WHO trusts quaint Urbanity,
Ten to One,
Is undone
By her Vanity;
For, void of Humanity,
Men will sigh,
Swear, and lye,
But to ensnare:
Since no Law binds Quality,
Nor the Vows
To a Spouse,
Ladies, beware!
Nought but Liberality
Is the Prop
Of your Hope,
And worth your Care.

106 A COLLECTION

Let Fools their fond Prattle vent,
But strong Deed of Settlement
Is Love's safest Bartlement;
All the rest
Is a Jest,
And gilded Snare.

SONG CI.

LOOK, lovely Nymph, on yonder Tree,
What Bloom the downy Peach adorns!
See too those op'ning Roses, see,
That sweetly blush on yonder Thorns.

Then turn thee, fair one, to that Bed,
Where various Flow'rs together grow;
Observe yon Lily lift its Head,
And proudly boast its Summer Snow!

But would'st thou, in one Object join'd,
At once these sev'ral Beauties trace?
Yon Stream consult, and thou wilt find,
They all unite in *Daphne's* Face.

SONG CII.

CÆLIA, in whose attractive Smile
Love undissembled shines,
Whose gen'rous Breast no shadowy Guile
E'er knew, nor mean Designs:

of ENGLISH SONGS. 107

To thee, with ardent Zeal, my Soul
Avows her glorious Flame;
Nor Reason can that Warmth controul,
Which first from Reason came.

Thy taper Waist with juster Grace,
No Ribs of Whale can bind;
No Art pollutes thy blooming Face,
No Vice thy spotless Mind.

What tho' swift Time will bring the Hour,
(How vain is Beauty's Boast!)
When that fair Frame, sweet short-liv'd Flow'r,
Shall sink to Parent Dust!

Wit, Candour, Wisdom, Courage, Truth,
The Charms thy Soul improve,
Shall flourish in immortal Youth,
And win immortal Love.

The Sun shall headlong leave the Skies,
Shorn of his golden Ray:
Thou, *Calia*, from the Dust shalt rise,
And shine in endless Day.

S O N G CIII.

CAN I view a doating Ass,
Cringing to a scornful Lass,
And not burst my Sides with ha, ha, ha!

Or behold a haughty Fair,
 Giving Sentence of Despair,
 Nor the Farce deride with ha, ha, ha!
 Tho' I flatter, sigh and whine,
 When I hope to have her mine,
 Yet when Frolick makes her prance,
 I give Musick to her Dance,
 And tune her Pride with ha, ha, ha!

SONG CIV.

HOW dismal is *Cyderia's* Cell!
 What Damps bedew the Place!
 No Tap'stry here the ragged Walls,
 But pendent Cobwebs grace.

Instead of Sconce, and glassy Show,
 And *Indian* motly Forms,
 We view th' Embroidery of Snails,
 And Tracks of slimy Worms.

Cold Sweats hang on the moisten'd Stones,
 Droppings the Timber waste;
 Thro' unglaz'd Voids the busy Wind
 Puffs in the chilling Blast.

Poets (and only they) can tell
 How Goddesses appear;
 For vulgar Souls would ne'er expect
 To find a Goddess here.

But Poets know, that furnish'd Rooms
Are for the mortal Fair;
None ever saw a heav'nly Nymph
At Toilet, or in Chair.

But hollow Caves, hung round with Moss,
That sigh with ev'ry Breeze,
And cool Retreats, by Nature form'd,
The lovely *Naiad* please.

Cythera is of Race divine,
Or should at least be thought,
With Nymphs the gawdy Roof she sums,
And wantons in a Grott.

S O N G C V.

FAST by the Margin of the Sea,
And on the damp and shelly Shore,
A Swain in pensive Posture lay,
And thus his hard Misshapde plots:

Ye Gods, your cruel Kindness spare,
For ever, ever from me fly;
Nor thus, with unavailing Care,
Pursue a Wretch resolv'd to die.

Ah! tell me, how can *Damon* live
Without the Nymph who has his Heart?
Can I so great a Loss survive?
Ah no! we must not, must not part.

110 A COLLECTION

And yet we have ; ah ! hapless Hour,
When I and *Calia* sail'd the Deep ;
When, hush'd by some deluding Pow'r,
The Winds and Waves were laid asleep.

Too soon, alas ! the peaceful Scene
Chang'd to a Storm, the Tempests roar,
The Sky look'd black, the smoking Main
Dash'd its fierce Waves against the Shore.

'Twas then my Heart wept Drops of Blood,
And, like the Ship, was rent in twain ;
When *Calia*, flounder'd in the Flood,
Sunk, struggl'd, rose, and sunk again.

Thrice did I plunge beneath the Wave,
To catch the sinking, panting Fair ;
Thrice made a vain Attempt to save ;
I shriek'd, I sav'd, in mad Despair.

How fain would *Damon* then have dy'd,
And hurry'd to the World beneath,
To seek his Love, and by her Side
Lament her too untimely Death.

But he, alas ! was doom'd to live——
To live——the Mark of future Pains ;
Forc'd by ill Fortune to survive
His lovely fair one's dear Remains !

Ye guilty Winds, in Murmurs sigh
For the sad Deed which ye have done ;

of ENGLISH SONGS. III

Ye Waves, in mournful Slumbers die,
And for so foul a Crime atone.

Ye kinder Gales, that swell'd our Sail,
And leisurely the Vessel drove,
Attend unto my ruthful Tale,
A Tale that might your Pity move.

Unhappy *Damon*, thou art grown,
From blest of Men, a Wretch forlorn !
Thy Fate to ev'ry Youth is known,
Their Envy once, but now their Scorn.

Once thou did'st feast on Heav'nly Treasures,
And revel on immortal Charms ;
Begirt with Joys, beset with Pleasures,
When circl'd in thy *Calia's* Arms.

Calia, sweet *Calia*, charms no more—
No more she wails her absent Love:
As when she stray'd along the Shore,
Or pensive wander'd in the Grove.

Oh killing Thought ! it pierces deep ;
My Pulse beats low, my Heart-strings fly :
I faint, I'm chill ;—a swimming Sleep
Creeps o'er my Eyes—I drop—I die.



SONG CVI.

THE Soldier disbanded the Streets for to beg,
 May talk of his Wars, and his Sufferings so
 hard;
 But tho' seam'd o'er with Scars, and with never a
 Leg,
 His Wants we neglect, not his Courage regard,
 And the Lass that is poor
 Is sent for a Whore,
 With Hemp and with Hammer to make her Com-
 plaint;
 But if you have Money,
 All Honours are done ye,
 A Coward's a Hero, a Whore is a Saint,

SONG CVII.

O That I was young again,
 I'd frisk it beyond Measure,
 Kifs, and dance, and sport amain,
 And wanton it at leisure.
 Free and gay
 I'd pass the Day,
 At Night I'd hug my Treasure;
 Then I'd bed,
 But never wed,
 For Marriage damps the Pleasure.

SONG CVIII.

WISDOM tho' cold,
Will take better Hold
Than Courage with Precipitation;
And to prepare
Mens Stomachs for War,
First cram 'em with dainty Collation.
Wisdom made *Mars*
Asham'd of his Wars,
And fly from a beautiful Maid, Sir;
And vigorous Sack
Made *Falstaff* attack,
Tho' of his own Shadow afraid, Sir.

SONG CIX.

SOUND, Bagpipes, ever sound
Your sweet triumphal Strains,
No trilling Eunuchs wound,
Nor Muse-bred Poet reigns.
Revive gay Sport,
And charm the Court,
As once you charm'd the Plains.
Sound, Bagpipes, ever sound
Your sweet triumphal Strains, — &c.



SONG NOX. 2

OF all the things beneath the Sun,
 To love's the greatest Curse;
 If one's deny'd, then he's undone,
 If not, 'tis ten times worse.

Poor *Adam*, by his Wife, 'tis known,
 Was trick'd some Years ago;
 But *Adam* was not trick'd alone,
 For all his Sons were so.

Lovers the strangest Fools are made,
 When they their Nymphs pursue,
 Which they will ne'er believe, 'till wed,
 But then, alas! 'tis true.

They beg, they pray, and they adore,
 'Till weary'd out of Life;
 And pray what's all this Trouble for?
 Why, truly, for a Wife.

How odd a thing's a whining Sot,
 Who sighs, in greatest Need,
 For that which, soon as ever got,
 Does make him sigh indeed.

Each Maid's an Angel whilst she's woo'd,
 But when the Wooing's done,
 The Wife, instead of Flesh and Blood,
 Proves nothing but a Bone.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 113

Ills, more or less, in human Life,
No mortal Man can shun;
But, when a Man has got a Wife,
He has them all in one!

The Liver of *Prometheus*
A gnawing Vultur fed;
A Fable, that the thing was thus:
The poor old Man was wed.

A Wife, all Men of Learning know,
Was *Tantalus's* Curse;
The Apples which did tempt him so,
Were nought but a Divorce.

Let no Fool dream, that to his Share
A better Wife will fall;
They're all the same, faith, to a Hair,
For they are Women all.

When first the senseless empty Nokes
With wooing does begin,
Far better he might beg the Stocks
That they would let him in.

Yet for a Lover we may say
He wears no cheating Phiz,
Tho' others Looks do oft betray,
He looks like what he is.

More Joys a Glass of Wine does give
(Wife take him that gainsays)

Than all the Wenches sprung from Eve
E'er gave in all their Days.

But come, to Lovers here's a Glass,
God wot, they need no Curse;
Each wishes he may wed his Lass,
No Soul can wish him worse.

SONG CXI.

IN Pimps and Politicians
The Genius is the same;
Both raise their own Conditions
On others Guilt and Shame.
With a Tongue well tipt with Lies,
Each the Want of Parts supplies,
And with a Heart that's all Disguise,
Keeps his Schemes unknown.
Seducing as the Devil,
They play the Tempter's Part,
And have, when most they're civil,
Most Mischief in their Heart.
Each a secret Commerce drives,
First corrupts, and then connives,
And by his Neighbour's Vices thrives,
For they are all his own.



SONG CXII.

THAT ever dull Husband shou'd preach up a
Tale
So void of good Manners, so silly, so stale,
As conjugal Duty
To Wit and to Beauty,
In such a gallanting Age.
While Cuckoldom's plenty,
And nineteen in twenty
Esteem it a blessed Prefage.

Let Prudes cry
Oh fy!
Spouse rant,
Zealots cant:
Gallants and their Muses
Shall silence Abuses,
And baffle the Husband's Rage.

SONG CXIII.

HE that weds a Beauty
Soon will find her cloy;
When Pleasure grows a Duty,
Farewel Love and Joy.
He that weds for Treasure,
Tho' he hath a Wife,
Hath chose one lasting Pleasure,
In a marry'd Life.

SONG CXIV.

WOU'D Fate for me a Cully mould,
 Let him by *British* Sense be mov'd;
 None are so lavish of their Gold;
 None are so fitted
 To be outwitted,
 None by ill Usage so improv'd.

SONG CXV.

SWEET *Sukey's* my Heart's Delight,
SO! Behold her Country Knight,
 Dress'd like a Town Beau,
 Above and below,
 With Cloaths and Wit as bright.
 Behold but this Lace,
 And this pretty Face,
 Ah! may she like it, munn;
 Ah! may her Heart
 Admire her Smart,
 Receive a Dart,
 And take my Part,
 Or, alas! I am quite undone.

SONG CXVI.

HARK, the Bass,
 With thund'ring Voice,
 Proclaims our Triumphs nigh;

of ENGLISH SONGS. 119

Let Mirth and Wine
The Concert join,
And raise the Pow'rs of Harmony.

Tenor spares
No manly Airs,
To celebrate the happy Day;
Fill ev'ry Glass,
Let Lad and Lass
In sportive Dance their Joys display.

Fiddle, Voice, and Flute,
With shrill Tones dispute,
To grace the Poet's Rhime;
Drink off your Wine,
The Health's divine,
Long Reign to *Pantomime*.

SONG CXVII.

WHILST I gaze, in fond desiring
Every former Thought is lost:
Sighing, wishing, and admiring,
How my troubled Soul is tost!
Hot and cold my Blood is flowing,
How it thrills in ev'ry Vein!
Liberty and Life are going,
Hope can ne'er relieve my Pain.



SONG CXVIII.

Should the Storm blow high,
And cloud the Sky,
What care such Souls as we?

Let the Thnnder roll
'Till it shake the Bowl,
It rolls in vain to me:

To the roaring Sound
Let the Glas go round,
While the World shall ring

To the Tunes we sing,
With a Fal, la, la,
And I drink with Joy to thee.

SONG CXIX.

Complying, denying,
Now free, and now coy,
Aluring, and curing
Love's Pain with its Joy.

With Frowns or with Smiles that can kindle a Fire,
Is a Girl that each Temper and Age must admire.

Her Eye darts its Glances,

Our Heart feels its Ray;

Her Power advances,

And ours ebbs away.

From Charms so strong there's none can retreat,
For, do what she will, she's ev'ry way sweet.

SONG CXX.

HOW war'ring is the State of Love!
 How sharp his softest Dart,
 When ev'n our Joys our Pains improve,
 And rack the tender Heart.
 Fix'd in thy Love, all Storms I dread
 That threaten thy Repose;
 Thus from th' Extream of Love is bred
 The sad Extream of Woes.

SONG CXXI.

COME hither, young Sinner,
 Thou raw young Beginner,
 I'll shew, if thou can'st understand me,
 All the Ways of a Wench,
 Be she *English* or *French*,
 More than *Ovid de arte Amandi*:
 I'll teach thee to know
 Both the who and the how,
 And the when and the where to delight,
 If she simper or Saint it,
 Or patch it, or paint it,
 I'll warrant, &c.
 If she jog with her Thighs,
 Or twinkle with her Eyes,
 She bids you come on, if you like her;

If, without Joys or Fears,
 She can laugh and shed Tears,
 'Tis the only true Trick of a Striker:
 If she fighs when she speaks,
 Or doth use many Freaks,
 She is deeply in Love, by this Light;
 If you tread on her Toe,
 And she answer thee so,
I warrant, &c.

She'll smile, and she'll frown,
 She'll laugh and lie down,
 At every turn you must tend her;
 She'll peep in her Glass,
 And dispraise her own Face,
 On purpose that you may commend her:
 With Love-Tales and Fancies
 Pick'd out of Romances,
 She'll angle to try if you'll bite:
 If she speak in a Passion,
 Or make Application,
I warrant, &c.

If she stand at a distance,
 There is no Resistance,
 Her very Retreat is a Call;
 She'll so stare in your Eyes,
 Like a Pyrate for Prize,
 As she would say, *Have at him!*
 She'll shew you her Breast,
 To guess at the rest,
 The Fountain of Love and Delight!

OF ENGLISH SONGS. 143

If she sit in my Lap,
Beware of a Trap,
I warrant, &c.

She'll hit, and she'll miss,
Look coy, and yet kiss,
To try and find out what you are;

One Action shall say,
Pray, Sir, Go your way,
And another, come on, if you dare.

She'll give you a Glance,
Like Heaven in a Trance,
No Diamond nor Saphir so bright :

If she drink Wine and Burrage,
And kiss with a Courage,
I warrant, &c.

She'll set you more Spares
Than her Tires hath Hairs,
She's subtle and swift in Invention ;

If you jest, and mean loosely,
Tho' ne'er so reclusely,
She'll shew her quick apprehension :

Her Plots are abounding,
She Fits hath of swooning ;
If she call on your Name in the Fright,

Blind Cupid hath hit her,
And you too may fix her,
I warrant, &c.

M²
You're a Man of a loose Behaviour,
She'll cry, what d'ye mean ?
When you eye's on again

When *Noll* stole the Scepter,
 She canted in Scripture,
 And went to St. *Antholine's* Lectures,
 But now she doth trade,
 Like a right Reformed,
 And is a Decoy to the Hectors;
 She'll swear she is free
 From all Men but thee,
 And blush like a Bride the first Night,
 If she squint thro' her Hood,
 'Tis to heighten thy Blood,
I warrant, &c.

Her Turns and her Windings
 Are past your Out-findings,
 She hath so many changeable Tempers,
 She'll give you a Look
 Like a Virgin forlook,
 With another command like an Empress;
 This Sign never misses,
 If she squeaks when she kisses,
 And glimm'ring like Stars in the Night,
 If she give thee a Trip
 With a loose lower Lip,
I warrant, &c.

She'll kiss and cry quarter,
 Unloosen her Garter,
 That you may take't up as a Favour;
 When you tye't on again
 She'll cry, what d'ye mean?
 You're a Man of a loose Behaviour;

of ENGLISH SONGS. 125

Yet thus will she play,
To direct you the way
To the Center and Seat of Delight;
If she's troubl'd with Qualms,
Or Sweat in her Palms,
I warrant, &c.

She'll bid you forbear,
You're uncivil (my Dear)
She tempts in her very Denial;
When her Tongue cries be gone;
Her Looks crys, come on,
These Ticklings are only for Tryal;
When Rams do retreat,
More Courage they get,
And tilt with a redoubled Might;
No Sight can so move
As the Landskip of Love,
I warrant, &c.

She'll give you to wear
A Bracelet of Hair,
And that as a Fetter she locks on;
But let me persuade ye,
One Hair of a Lady
Shall draw more than ten Team of Oxen.
Thus have I in brief
Told the Marks of the Thief
That filches Affections by flight;

But if she prevail,
 Thou'rt a Slave in a Goal,
 And Honour will bid thee good night.

SONG CXXII.

ALL the Flatt'ries of Fate,
 And the Pleasures of State,
 Are nothing so sweet as what Love does create;
 If this you deny,
 'Tis time I should die,
 Kind Death's a Reprieve, if you threaten to hurt.

In some close shady Grove
 Will I wander and rove
 With the Nightingale and disconsolate Dove,
 With down-hanging Wing
 I will mournfully sing
 The tragick Events of unfortunate Love.

With our Complaints we'll conspire
 To heighten Love's Fire,
 Still vanquishing Life, 'till at length we'll expire;
 And when I am dead,
 In a cold leafy Bed,
 Be interr'd with the Dirge of a desolate Quire.



SONG CXXIII.

AURELIA, art thou mad,
To let the World in me
Envy Joys I never had,
And censure them in thee?

Fill'd with Grief for what is past,
Let us at length be wise,
And the Banquet boldly taste,
Since we have paid the Price.

Love does easy Souls despise,
Who lose themselves for Toys,
And Escape for those devise
Who taste his utmost Joys.

To be thus for Trifles blam'd,
Like theirs a Folly is,
Who are for vain Swearing damn'd,
And knew no higher Bliss.

Love should, like the Year, be crown'd
With sweet Variety;
Hope should in the Spring be found
Kind Fears and Jealousy.

In the Summer, Flowers should rise,
And, in the Autumn, Fruit;
His Spring doth else but mock our Eyes,
And in a Scoff salute.

SONG CXXIV.

GIVE, ye Nymphs, O give your Lover,
Give the Bowl, and flowing over,
See me panting, glowing, firing,
See me, see me, just expiring.

Give, ye Nymphs, from yonder Bowers;
Give me Wreaths of cooling Flowers;
See my Garlands all are wasted;
By my blazing Temples blasted;
But if Flames of Love invade thee,
What, O what! my Heart, can shade thee?

SONG CXXV.

FIE *Lina*, scorn the little Arts
Which meaner Beauties use;
Who think they ne'er secure our Hearts
Unless they still refuse;
Are coy and shy, will seem to frown,
To raise our Passion higher;
But when the poor Delight is known,
It quickly palls Desire.

Come, let's not trifle Time away,
Or stop, you know not why;
Your Blushes and your Eyes betray
What Death you mean to die!

Let all your Maiden Fears be gone,
And Love no more be crost:

Ah! Liza, when the Joys are known,
You'll curse the Minutes past.

SONG CXXVI.

Choris, I cannot say your Eyes
Did my unwary Heart surprize,
Nor will I swear it was your Face,
Your Shape, or any nameless Grace;
For you are so entirely fair,
To love a Part Injustice were.

No drowning Man can know which Drop
Of Water his last Breath did stop:
So when the Stars in Heav'n appear,
And join to make the Night look clear,
The Light we no one's Bounty call,
But the united Work of all.

He that doth Lips or Hands adore,
Deserves them only, and no more,
But I love All, and ev'ry Part,
And nothing else can ease my Heart:
Cupid that Lover weakly strikes,
Who can express what 'tis he likes.



S O N G CXXVII

S H E comes, she comes; now pants my
Heart,

Now tremble I in every Part.

Now feel I trill a pleasing Pain
Thro' ev'ry Nerve, thro' ev'ry Vein.

Now am I delug'd with Surprise,
O'erwhelm'd my Brain, o'ercast my Eyes;
Alarm and Wonder o'er me roll,
And turn to Ecstasy my Soul.

What Rays of Beauty round her play,
And kindle up a sprightlier Day!
What Beams of Virtue all consent
Send more than Sun-shine thro' my Breast!

Hark, hark; how sweetly speaks my Dear!
O hear, my Ears, for ever hear:
See, see what Smiles her Looks imblaze;
O gaze, my Eyes, for ever gaze.

Still near thee, Chasmer, let me stay,
And look and hear my Life away;
On thee attend, with thee abide,
And, where my Heart resides, reside.

Of Freedom now no more I boast,
Enamour'd, vanquish'd, captive, lost;
I sigh, I burn, I faint, I fall,
Who took't my Heart, O take me All!

of ENGLISH SONGS. 155

SONG CXXVIII.

WHEN *Aurelia* first became
The Mistress of his Heart;

So mild and gentle was her Reign,

Thyrsis, in hers, had part.

Reserves and Care he laid aside,

And gave his Love the Reins;

The headlong Course he now must 'bide,

No other way remains.

At first her Cruelty he fear'd;

But that being overcome,

He second for awhile appear'd,

And he thought all his own.

He call'd himself a happier Man

Than ever lov'd before;

Her Favours still his Hopes out-ran,

What Mortal can have more?

Love smil'd at first, then, looking grave,

Said, *Thyrsis*, leave to boast;

More Joy than all her Kindness gave,

Her Fickleness will cost.

He spoke, and from that fatal time

All *Thyrsis* did or said

Appear'd unwelcome,  of a Crime,

To the ungrateful Maid.

Then he, despairing of her Heart,
 Wou'd fain have had his own;
 Love answer'd, such a Nymph could part
 With nothing she had won.

SONG CXXIX.

PHILLIS, this mighty Zeal assuage,
 You over-act your Part,
 The Martyrs at your tender Age
 Gave Heav'n but half their Heart.

Old Men (till past the Pleasure) ne'er
 Declaim against the Sin,
 'Tis early to begin to fear
 The Devil at Fifteen.

The World to Youth is too severe,
 And like a treach'rous Light,
 Beauty, the Actions of the Fair
 Exposés to their Sight.

And yet this World, as old as 'tis,
 Is oft deceiv'd by't too;
 Wise Combinations seldom miss,
 Let's try what we can do.



SONG CXXX.

LET us drink and be merry,
Dance, joke, and rejoice,
With Claret and Sherry,

Theorbo and Voice:
The changeable World
To our Joy is unjust,
All Treasure's uncertain,

Then down with your Dust:
In Frolicks dispose

Your Pounds, Shillings and Pence,
For we shall be nothing
An Hundred Years hence.

We'll kiss and be free
With Moll, Betty, and Nelly,
Have Oysters and Lobsters,

And Maids by the Belly:
Fish Dinners will make
A Last spring like a Flea,

Dame Venus (Love's Goddess)
Was born of the Sea:
With Bacchus and with her

We'll tickle the Sense,
For we shall be past it
An Hundred Years hence.

Your most beautiful Bit,
That hath all Eyes upon her,

That her Honesty sells
For a Haugouft of Honour;
Whose Lightnefs and Brightnefs
Doth shine in fuch Splendor,
That none but the Stars
Are thought fit to attend her:
Tho' now ſhe be pleaſant,
And ſweet to the Senſe,
Will be damnable mouldy
An Hundred Years hence.

The Uſurer that
In the Hundred takes Twenty,
Who wants in his Wealth,
And pines in his Plenty,
Lays up for a Season
Which he ſhall ne'er ſee,
The Year One Thouſand
Eight Hundred and Three:
His Wit, and his Wealth,
His Learning, and Senſe,
Shall be turned to nothing
An Hundred Years hence.

Your Chancery-Lawyers,
Whoſe Subtilty thrives,
In ſpinning out Suits
To the length of three Lives;
Such Suits which the Clients
Do wear out in Slavery,

of ENGLISH SONGS. 135.

Whilst Pleader makes Conscience

A Cloak for his Knay'ry:

May boast of Subtilty

'In th' present Tense,

But *Non est Inventus*:

An Hundred Years hence.

Then why should we curmoile

In Cares and in Fears,

Turn all our Tranquillity

To Sighs and Tears;

Let's eat, drinke, and play,

'Till the Worms do corrupt us,

'Tis certain *post mortem*

Nulla Voluptas:

Let's deal with our Damsels,

That we may from thence

Have Broods to succeed us

An Hundred Years hence.

SONG CXXXI.

YOUNG Virgins love Pleasure,

As Misers do Treasure,

And both alike study to heighten the Measure;

Their Hearts they will rise,

For ev'ry new Trifle,

And when in their Teens fall in Love for a Song:

But soon as they marry,
 And find things miscarry,
 Oh! how they sigh that they were not more wary,
 Instead of soft wooing,
 They run their own Ruin,
 And all their Lives after drag Sorrow along.

SONG CXXXII.

ALL you that do to Love belong,
 Mind what my Tale discovers,
 And listen well to this new Song,
 A strange Roundeau of Lovers!

There were Eight Lads so blithe and gay,
 That lov'd Seven buxom Lasses;
 But that's untoward, alack-a-day!
 When each his Love misplaces.

Young Roger made a Vow (d'ye see?)
 To be a Spark of Lucy's;
 But Lucy long'd the Spouse to be
 Of Joseph, that so spruce is.

Now Nan had won the Love of Joseph,
 His Heart, and eke His Fancy;
 He'd be content to lose his Note, if
 He cou'd but gain his Nanny.

Nan cut her Heart in two, to share it
 Twixt Marmaduke and Aaron;

of ENGLISH SONGS. 137

Both likely Lads, quoth she, I'll swear it,
As Maids need wish to stare on.

Both *Marmaduke* and *Aaron* courted
Kate, Daughter to a Prick-louse,
Tho' *Katern* with her Suitors sported,
For her Sweet-heart was *Nich'las*.

This *Nich'las* woo'd young *Joan*, who ne'er
With such a Spark would take up;
For *Joan*, as sure as you are there,
Had a Month's Mind to *Jacob*.

Poor *Jacob* made a woful Stir
To compass nut-brown *Lettice*,
And fail'd, with much ado, for her
Affections never met his.

Lettice likewise her Love was crost in,
(Fare order'd it shou'd so be)
For once, in vain, she courted *Austin*,
And now, in vain, wooes *Toby*.

What Maid wou'd wish to be in her Case?

For *Toby*, she's so fond on,
Runs almost mad for little *Dorcas*,
That newly came from *London*.

Whereas she purely came to visit
Her Fellow-servant *Edward*,

To see his pretty Face, and kiss it,
And gladly would go bed-ward.

While Ned his little Dorcas answer'd,
For loving I don't blame ye,
'Cause you may take an honest Man's Word,
That I as much love Amy.

Amy, so passing fair to look on,
And slender to behold,
Cry'd 'till her Heart was almost broken,
She would be Roger's Consort.

These People good, in saddest Mood,
With Love grown woundy stupid,
Made piteous Plaints, and told their Wants
To Hymen, and to Cupid.

Fain would they wed, in Ring so round,
Eight Husbands and seven Wives;
And, doubtless, they must needs have found
Great Comfort of their Lives.

But 'twas a puz'ling Case to Hymen;
O strange! said he, 'twill work ill,
For I've no Licenses to tie Men
And Maids in such a Circle.

He bid them be, as 'twas but right,
Content with this Expedient,
To kiss all round, for so all might
Have Kissing that had need on't.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 139

Young Roger should begin the Play;
The rest were, in their Season,
To put it round in friendly way,
And do each other Reason,

So Roger tall did Lucy call,
Quoth he, I'll not abuse ye;
Good sooth! it would have done one good
To see him kiss sweet Lucy.

Then Lucy fair demands her Share
Of her dear Sweet-heart *Josey*;
And kiss'd him so, all People know,
They both grew wond'rous rofie.

Next Joe did greet his Nan, as sweet
A Damsel as you can see;
Nan for this Youth made up her Mouth,
So *Joseph* kiss'd his Nancy;

Her Sparks were twain, and that being plain
Some said that she might spare one;
She, by her Troth, cry'd, none or both,
And kiss'd one more than *Aaron*.

Then *Marmaduke* and *Aaron* broke
Their Minds to Kate the Slatern;
Kind Kate held out her dainty Snour,
And O! how they kiss'd *Kattern*!

O *Nich'las*! *Nich'las*! where's my Niece laid?
Quoth Kate, the Taylor's Daughter,

And kiss'd, and was with Joy so tickled,
She scarce could hold her Water.

Nic ran to *Joan*, that had no Stays on,
But look'd as red as *Claret*,
And kiss'd her so that 'twou'd amaze one,
How any Maid could bear it.

Joan flew at *Jacob* most outrageous,
And kiss'd, and call'd him Sweeting;
Cou'd he have bleated, as *Cinque-trey* does,
Uds-bobs! she'd stop his Bleating.

O *Lettice*, then quoth *Jacob* stout,
On thy true Love take Pity;
She bid him kiss his Kissing out,
Because he was so witty.

But *Lettice* call'd aloud for *Toby*,
As one would call for Mustard;
He fain wou'd give poor *Lett* the Go-by,
But *Lettice* kiss'd him first hard.

'Tis strange to tell, or to declare
How *Toby* simpered,

When he got *Dorcas*, his own Dear,
And kiss'd her quite half dead.

Dorcas she leer'd on *Ned* right wistful,
And kiss'd him all to pieces,
So fir'd, that were she but a Pistol,
She had gone off in Face his.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 141

Edward made her no Repartee,
Tho' he was kiss'd so fashion,
Knowing well, by Rules of Art, she
Had done it in her Passion:

And then himself was passionate too
Of Amy, Queen of Spinsters;
He threw his Wig off, and his Hat too,
And ran his Face against hers.

He trows'd her with his Beard so bushy,
'Twas far and near admired,
And tore her Coise quite off, altho' she
Had scarce wherewith to tie her Head.

For Folks may be, most certainly,
In Love, as well as Ladies,
And kiss as well, for aught I can tell,
As they with all their Gayeties.

My ne'er let a Sweet-heart dodge her,
But kiss'd like any Widow,
And stifled Roger, tho' poor Roger
Lov'd her more than I do.

Thus finely they all danc'd the Hay,
Or the best Boy of Mother;
The Jest went round, and none were found
That would not pledge the other.

At length they clos'd, and whisk'd about,
As those that Margery-Cree dance,

Or like to Folk, quite weary'd out,
Who fain wou'd make good Riddance.

Yet loth to give it o'er, they cry'd,

How cursed fast the Day stirs!

Tho' before Night, or they're bely'd,

Their Lips all needed Plaisters.

There ne'er was known, in all the Town,

Such Kissing as this same was;

Yet, keeping Lent (as is decent)

Pray who, quoth they, can blame us?

For since (as *Hymen* told them plain)

Tho' they most grievously burn,

The Wedding-Noose will ne'er contain

So many as will Tyburn.

They all resolve to live right honest,

And never be upbraided:

O! that young Folk were all admonish'd

To do no worse than they did!

But for all this, they did not miss,

Each *Sunday*, after Sarmint,

To meet and kiss, some more, some less,

For Kissing has no Harm in't.

Nor would they fail, for a Dozen of Ale,

To kiss before the King and

His Gracious Queen on *Turnbam-Green*,

Or any Ground in *England*.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 143

Suppose you might see such a Sight
As *Cupid* and as I did,
Whate'er you are, I'd almost swear,
You'd not be much affrighted.

SONG CXXXIII.

ALL Hail to the Days
That merit more Praise
Than all the rest of the Year;
And welcome the Night
That bringeth Delight
As well to the Poor as the Peer.

Good Fortune attend
Each merry Man's Friend
That doth but the best he may,
Forgetting old Wrong,
With Cup or a Song,
To drive the cold Winter away.

Let Misery pack,
With a Whip at his Back,
Down to the *Tartarian* Flood;
In *Lethe* profound
Let Envy be drown'd,
That pines at another Man's Good.

Let Sorrow's Expence
Come a thousand Years hence,
All Payments have great Delay;

And spend the long Nights
In honest Delights,
To drive the cold Winter away.

The Court in his State
Sets open his Gate,
And gives free Welcome to most:
The City likewise,
Tho' something precise,
Yet willingly part with their Roast,

But yet by Report
From City and Court,
The Country gets the Day;
More Liquor is spent
With better Content,
To drive the cold Winter away.

The Gentry there
For Cost doth not spare,
The Yeomanry fast not till Lent;
The Farmers and such
Think nothing too much,
So they keep but to pay their Rent.

The poorest of all
Do merrily call,
When at a fit Place they stay,
For a Song or a Tale,
Or a Cup of good Ale,
To drive the cold Winter away.

'Tis ill for a Mind
To Envy itself;
To think of small Injuries now:
If Wrath be to seek,
Do not let her thy Cheek,
Nor yet to inhabit thy Brow.

Cross out of thy Books
All malecontent Looks,
Let Beauty and Youth decay,
And wholly comfort
With Mirth and with Sport
To drive the cold Winter away.

SONG CXXXIV.

BEhold, I fly on Wings of soft Desire,
Whilst gentle Zephyrs waft me on;
Eager as when a Bridegroom all on Fire,
Longs from the Company to be gone:
She blushing flies the Pleasure,
He rushing grasps his Treasure,
Till with mutual Tenderness each other they
warm:
Since Phoebe's my Guide,
And Love does preside,
Each Monarch, tho' great,
Would envy my State,
For she, she alone has the Pow'r to charm.

SONG CXXXV.

WHILE I my *Cynthia's* Praises sing,
 And chant her Fame in softest Lays:
 She scorns young *Lewis*, tho' a King,
 And to his Crown prefers my Bays.
 Listen, she cries, ambitious Fair,
 Is aught so great as *Cynthia's* Name?
 While loftiest Titles sink to Air,
 This shall for ever shine the same.
 Nor Hopes of Love, nor Hopes of Gain
 Make *Cynthia's* Virtues to be known:
 She boasts, nor thinks her Triumphs vain:
 The Praise and Poet both her own.

SONG CXXXVI.

BE wary, my *Calia*, when *Celadon* sues,
 These Wits are the Bane of your Charms:
 Beauty, play'd against Reason, will certainly lose
 Warring naked with Robbers in Arms.
 Young *Damon* despis'd for his Plainness of Part,
 Has Worth that a Woman should prize;
 He'll run the Race out, tho' he heavily starts,
 And distance the short-winded Wise.
 Your Fool is a Saint in the Temple of Love,
 And kneels all his Life there to pray:
 Your Wit but looks in, and makes haste to remove
 'Tis a Stage he but takes in his way.

SONG CXXXVII.

A Thousand Charms in *Calia* met,
A Thousand Lovers at her Feet :
Yet she remains the Maid, and flights
The Genial Bed, and Hymen's Rites.
Not want of Pity in the Fair,
But Worth in Man, defeats his Pray'r ;
Wise Caution, and not proud Disdain,
Preserves so long her Virgin Reign.

SONG CXXXVIII.

LOVE, when 'tis true, needs not the Aid
Of Sighs nor Tears to make it known ;
And to convince the cruel 'st Maid,
Lovers should use their Love alone.

Into their very Looks 'twill steal ;
And he that most will hide his Flame,
Does in that Care his Pains reveal ;
Silence it self can Love proclaim.

This, *Aurelia*, made me thus
The Paths that common Lovers tread,
Whose guilty Passions are begun,
Not in their Hearts, but in their Head.

I could not sigh, and with cross'd Arms
Lament your Rigour and my Fate ;

148 A COLLECTION

Nor tax your Beauty with such Charms
As Men adore, and Women hate.

But careless live, and without Art,
Knowing my Love you must have spy'd,
And thinking it a foolish Part,
To strive to shew what none can hide.

S O N G. CXXXIX.

I'LL go to my Love where he lies in the Deep,
And in my Embraces my dearest shall sleep;
When we wake the kind Dolphins together shall
throng,

And in Chariots of Shells shall draw us along.
The Orient hath Pearls, which the Ocean bestows,
All mixed with Coral, a Crown to compose;
Tho' the Sea-nymphs do spite us, and envy our
Bliss,

We will teach them to love, and the Cockles to
kiss;

For my Love lies now in his wat'ry Grave,
And hath nothing to shew for his Tomb but a
Wave:

I'll kiss his dear Lips, than the Coral more red
That grows where he lies in his wat'ry Bed.

Ab, ab, ab! my Love's dead;

There was not a Bell,

But a Triton's Shell,

To ring, to ring out his Knell.

SONG CXL.

STELLA and *Flavia* ev'ry Hour
Do various Hearts surprize;
In *Stella's* Soul lies all her Pow'r,
And *Flavia's* in her Eyes.

More boundless *Flavia's* Conquests are,
And *Stella's* more confin'd;
All can discern a Face that's fair,
But few a lovely Mind.

Stella, like *Britain's* Monarch, reigns
O'er cultivated Lands;

Like Eastern Tyrants, *Flavia* deigns
To rule o'er barren Sands.

Then boast, fair *Flavia*, boast thy Face,
Thy Beauty's only Store;

Thy Charms will ev'ry Day decrease,
Each Day gives *Stella* more.

SONG CXLI.

BETTY, early gone a Maying,
Met her Sweetheart *Willy* straying;
Design or Chance, no matter whether,
But this we know, he reason'd with her.

1501 A COLLECTION

Mark, dear Maid, the Turtles cooing,
Fondly billing, kindly wooing;
See how ev'ry Bulb discovers
Happy Pairs of feather'd Lovers.

Or in singing, or in loving,
Ev'ry Moment still improving;
Love and Nature wisely leads 'em:
Love and Nature ne'er misguides 'em.

See how the opening blushing Rose
Does all her secret Charms disclose;
Sweet's the Time, ah! short's the Measure
Of our fleeting, hasty Pleasure.

Quickly we must snatch the Blisses
Of their soft and fragrant Kisses;
To day they bloom, they fade to morrow,
Droop their Heads and die in Sorrow.

Time, my *Best*, will leave no Traces
Of those Beauties, of those Graces;
Youth and Love forbid our staying:
Love and Youth abhor delaying.

Dearest Maid! nay, do not fly me,
Let your Pride no more deny me;
Never doubt your faithful *Will*,
There's my Thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee.



SONG CXLII.

TELL me no more you love, in vain,
Fair *Calia*, you this Passion feign:

Can they pretend to love, who do
Refuse what Love persuades them to?
Who once has felt his active Flame,
Dull Laws of Honour will disdain:
You would be thought his Slave, and yet
You will not to his Pow'r submit.

More cruel than those Beauties are,
Whose Coyness wounds us to Despair;
For all the Kindness which you show,
Each Smile and Kiss which you bestow,
Are like those Cordials which we give
To dying Men, to make them live:
And languish out an Hour in Pain:
Be kinder, *Calia*, or disdain.

SONG CXLIII.

HOW do they err, who throw their Love,
On Fate or Fortune wholly,
Whom only Rants and Flights can move,
And Rapture join'd with Folly!

For how can Pleasure solid be
Where Thought is out of Season?
Do I love you, or you love me,
My Dear, without a Reason?

152 A COLLECTION

Our Sense then rightly we'll employ,
No Paradise expecting;

Yet envying none the trifling Joy,
That will not bear reflecting,

For Wisdom's Pow'r (since after all
Ev'n Life is past the curing!)

Softens the worst that can befall,
And makes the best enduring?

SONG CXLIV.

COME my Hearts of Gold,
Let us be merry and wise;

It is a Proverb of old,
Suspicion hath double Eyes:

Whatsoever we say or do,

Let's not drink to disturb the Brain;

Let's laugh for an Hour or two,

And ne'er be drunk again.

A Cup of old Sack is good,

To drive the cold Winter away;

'Twill cherish and comfort the Blood

Most when a Man's Spirits decay:

But he that doth drink too much,

Of his Head he will complain;

Then let's have a gentle Touch,

And ne'er be drunk again.

Good Claret was made for Man,

But Man was not made for it;

OF ENGLISH SONGS. 153

Let's be merry as we can,
So we drink not away our Wits;
Good Fellowship is abus'd,
And Wine will infect the Brain;
But we'll have it better us'd,
And ne'er be drunk again.

When with good Fellows we meet,
A Quart among Three or Four;
'Twill make us stand on our Feet,
While others lie drunk on the Floor,
Then Drawer go fill us a Quart,
And let it be Claret in Grain;
'Twill cherish and comfort the Heart,
But we'll ne'er be drunk again.

Here's a Health to our noble King,
And to the Queen of his Heart;
Let's laugh and merrily sing,
And he's a Coward that will start:
Here's a Health to our General,
And to those that were in Spain;
And to our Colonel,
And we'll ne'er be drunk again.

Enough's as good as a Feast,
If a Man did but Measure know;
A Drunkard's worse than a Beast,
For he'll drink 'till he cannot go:
If a Man could Time recal,
In a Tavern that's spent in vain;
We'd learn to be sober all,
And never be drunk again.

SONG CXLV.

YE Minutes swiftly move,
That bear me to my Love;

When *Phæbe's* near

I'm de-bon-air,

And happier far than *Jove* :

Her every Charm

Has Pow'r to warm

The coldest *Cynick's* Breast;

In each fond Sigh

My Wishes fly,

To tell how I

In Absence die,

Till of my Dear possess.

SONG CXLVI.

SO smooth and so serene but now,
What means this Change on *Myra's* Brow?
Her Aguish Love now glows and burns,
Then chills, and shakes, and the cold Fit returns,
Mock'd with deluded Vows and Smiles,

When on her Pity I depend,

My airy Hope she soon beguiles,

And laughs to see my Labours never end.

So up the steepy Hill with Pain

The weighty Stone is roll'd in vain;

Which, having touch'd the Top, recoils,

And leaves the Labourer to renew his Toils.

SONG CXLVII.

LOVE, thou art the best of human Joys,
Our chiefeft Happiness below;
All other Pleasures are but Toys,
Musick without thee is but Noise,
Beauty but an empty Show.

Heaven, that knew best what Man cou'd move,
And raise his Thought above the Brute,
Said, let him be, and let him love,
That only must his Soul improve,
Howe'er Philosophers dispute.

SONG CXLVIII.

NOT Eden's Garden did disdain
That pleasing Passion Love;
Where free from Guilt, and ev'ry Pain,
Adam did gayly rove.
Not Tides of Furies' raging Fires,
That follow ev'ry wanton Chase,
Meer Vapours rais'd by hot Desires,
That vanish with Disgrace.

How guiltless may I meet the Flame
Of Cynthia's purer Breast,
Whilst Friendship makes us still the same,
With ev'ry Virtue drest?
Her Mind at first a Conquest made,
Her graceful Mind I must approve;

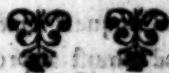
Her Wisdom chearful still appear'd,
And justify'd my Love.

Truſt not to Features, fleeting Charms;
Nor hug a painted Toy;
Thoſe Age or Sickneſs ſoon diſarms,
Warm Air will this deſtroy.
Let tender Paſſions take their Turn,
And ſocial Virtues lead the way;
Where Minds are match'd, they ſeldom mourn,
Nor curſe the Marriage Day.

S O N G CXLIX.

PRepar'd to rail, reſolv'd to part,
When I approach the perjur'd Maid;
What is it awes my tim'rous Heart?
Why is my Tongue afraid?
With the leaſt Glance a little kind,
Such wond'rous Pow'r have Myra's Charms!
She quells my Doubts, enſlaves my Mind,
And all my Rage diſarms.

Forgetful of her broken Vows,
When gazing on that Form divine,
Her injur'd Vaſſal trembling bows,
Nor dares her Slave repine.



SONG CL.

PRithee Friend leave off thy Thinking,
Cast thy Cares and Love away;
Troubles still are drown'd in Drinking,
Do not, do not then delay;
Bacchus cares not for thy Will,
But will have us drinking still.

Do but view this Glas of Claret,
How invitingly it looks;
Drink it quickly, or you'll marr it,
Pox of Fighting, or of Books:
Let us have good Store of Wine,
Hang him then that does repine.

Call the Drawer, bid him fill it,
As full as ever it can hold:
O take heed you do not spill it,
'Tis more precious far than Gold;
Let us drink, and then 'twill prove,
Drinking's better Sport than Love.

SONG CLI.

COME follow, follow me,
Ye Fairy Elves that be,
Light tripping o'er the Green;
Come follow Mab your Queen:

P

158 A COLLECTION

Hand in Hand we'll dance around,
For this Place is Fairy Ground.

When Mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their Nest;
Unheard and unespied,
Thro' Key-holes we do glide,
Over Tables, Stools and Shelves,
We trip it with our Fairy Elves.

And if the House be foul,
With Platter, Dish, or Bowl,
Up Stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the Sluts asleep;
Then we pinch their Arms and Thighs:
None us hears, and none us spies.

But if the House be swept,
And from Uncleaness kept,
We praise the Household Maid,
And surely she is paid:
Every Night before we go,
We drop a Tester in her Shoe.

Then o'er a Mushroom's Head
Our Table-cloath we spread,
A Grain of Rye or Wheat
The Diet that we eat;
Pearly Drops of Dew we drink,
In Acorn Cups fill'd to the Brink.

The Brains of Nightingales,
With unctious Fat of Snails,

of ENGLISH SONGS. 139

Between two Cockles stew'd,
Is Meat that's easily chew'd,
And Brains of Worms, and Marrow of Mice,
Do make a Feast that's wondrous nice.

The Grasshopper, Gnat and Fly
Serve for our Minstrelsy,
Grace said, we dance awhile,
And so the Time beguile;
But if the Moon doth hide her Head,
The Glow-worm lights us home to Bed.

O'er Tops of dewy Grass
So nimbly we do pass,
The young and tender Stalk
Ne'er bends where we do walk;
Yet in the Morning may be seen
Where we the Night before have been.

S O N G C L I I.

W H E N Youth and Beauty join with Art,
To charm a tender Virgin's Heart,
Who can the dear Temptation shun?
The Bait allures, they forward run,
And willing yield to be undone.
But when some heavenly Nymph they view,
Languishing, soft, and blooming too;
How many Youths distracted fly
To catch the dear Enchanter's Eye,
And round her Charms expiring lie?

SONG CLIII.

WHAT need we take Care for *Platonick*
Rules,

Or the Precepts of *Aristotle*?

Those that think to find Learning in Books are but
Fools,

True Philosophy lies in the Bottle:

And the Mind that's confin'd to the Modes of the
Schools,

Ne'er arrives to the Height of a Pottle:

Let the Sages

Of our Ages

Keep a Talking

Of our Walking

Demurely, whilst we that are wiser,

Do abhor all

That's moral

In *Cato*

And *Plato*,

And *Seneca* talks like a Sizer:

Then let full Bowls, full Bottles and Bowls be
bur'd,

That your Jollity may be compleater;

For Man, tho' he be but a very little World,

Must be drown'd as well as a greater.

We will drink till our Cheeks are as Starr'd as the
Skies,

Let the pale-colour'd Student flout us;

Till our Noses, like Comets, set Fire on our Eyes,

And we bear the Horizon about us:

of ENGLISH SONGS. 161

And if all make us fall, then our Heels shall divine

What the Stars are a doing without us;

Let *Lily*

Go tell ye.

Of Thunders

And Wonders;

And Astrologers all divine;

Let *Brooker*

Be a Looker.

In our Natures

And Features;

He'll find nothing but Claret in mine.

Then let full Bowls, &c.

S O N G C L I V.

LOVE still has something of the Sea,

From whence his Mother rose;

No Time his Slaves from Doubt can free,

Nor give their Thoughts Repose:

They are becalm'd in clearest Days,

And in rough Weather tost;

They wither under cold Delays,

Or are in Tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the Port,

Then straight into the Main;

Some angry Wind, in cruel Sport,

Their Vessel drives again.

162 A COLLECTION

At first, Disdain and Pride they fear,
Which if they chance to 'scape,
Rivals and Falshood soon appear
In a more dreadful Shape.

By such Degrees to Joy they come,
And are so long withstood;
So slowly they receive the Sum,
It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a Pain;
And to defer a Bliss,
Believe me, gentle *Hermoine*,
No less inhuman is.

An hundred thousand Oaths your Fears
Perhaps would not remove;
And if I gaze a thousand Years,
I cou'd no deeper love.

'Tis fitter much for you to guess,
Than for me to explain;
But grant, O grant that Happiness
Which only does remain.

S O N G C L V.

BONNY Lads and Damsels,
You're welcome to our Booth;
We're now come here on purpose
Your Fancies for to sooth:

of ENGLISH SONGS. 1631

No heavy *Dutch* Performers,

Amongst us you shall find;

We'll make your Lads good humour'd,

And Lasses very kind;

Your Damsons and Philberds

You're welcome here to crack:

But a *Glass* of merry Sack, Boys,

Is a Cordial for the Back.

You may range about the Fair,

New Tricks and Sights to see;

And when your Legs are weary,

Pray come again to me:

There's thread-bare *Holophernes*,

Whom *Judith* long hath slain;

With *Guy* of *Warwick*, *St. George*,

And *Rosamond's* fair Dame;

You'll find some pretty Puppets too,

With many a Nicky Nack;

But a *Glass* of jolly Sack, Boys,

Is a Cordial for the Back.

The Houses being low too,

Some Players hither come;

But if my Stars deceive me not,

They soon will know their Doom:

There's other pretty Strollers,

That crowd upon us here;

That may have Booths to lett too,

Before their Time, I fear.

164 A COLLECTION

All these may prate and talk much,
Shew Tricks, and bounce and crack,
But here's a Glass of Sack, Boys,
That's a Cordial for the Back.

Come sit down then, brisk Lads all,
A Bumper to the King;
Old England let's remember,
(May Peace and Plenty spring)
Let War no more perplex you,
Your Taxes soon will end;
The Soldiers all disbanded,
And each Man love his Friend:
Be merry then, carouse Boys,
See Drawer what 'tis they lack;
And fetch a Bottle neat, Boy,
That's a Cordial for the Back.

S O N G C L V I.

NOW God above that made all things,
Heaven and Earth and all therein,
The Ships upon the Seas do swim,
To keep Foes out, they come not in;
Now every one doth what he can,
All for the Use and Praise of Man;
I wish in Heaven that Soul may dwell
That first devis'd the Leather Bottel.

Now what do you say to those Canns of Wood?
Faith, they are naught, they cannot be good;

of ENGLISH SONGS. 165

When a Man for Beer he doth therein send,
To have them fill'd as he doth intend:
The Bearer stumbleth by the way,
And on the Ground his Liquor doth lay;
Then strait the Man begins to bann,
And swears, 'twas long of the wooden Cann:
But had it been in a Leathern Bottel,
Altho' he hath stumbled, all had been well;
So safe therein it would remain,
Until the Man got up again:
And I wish, &c.

Now for the Pots with Handles three,
Faith they shall have no Praise of me;
When a Man and his Wife do fall at Strife,
As many I know have done in their Life,
They lay their Hands upon the Pot both,
And break the same, tho' they were loth;
Which they shall answer another Day,
For casting their Liquor so vainly away:
But had it been in a Bottle fill'd,
The one might have tugg'd, the other have held;
They both might have tugg'd till their Hearts did
ach,
And yet no Harm the Bottle would take:
And I wish, &c.

Now what of the Flaggons of Silver fine?
Faith they shall have no Praise of mine;
When a Nobleman he doth them send,
To have them fill'd as he doth intend,

The Man with his Flaggon runs quite away,
And never is seen again after that Day;
Oh! then his Lord begins to bann,
And swears he has lost both Flaggon and Man;
But it ne'er was known that Page or Groom,
But with a Leathern Bottle again would come;
And I wish, &c.

Now what do you say to these Glasses fine?
Faith they shall have no Praise of mine;
When Friends are at a Table set,
And by them several sorts of Meat:
The one loves Flesh, the other Fish,
Among them all remove a Dish;
Touch but the Glass upon the Brim,
The Glass is broke, no Wine left in:
Then be your Table-cloath ne'er so fine,
There lies your Beer, your Ale, your Wine;
And doubtless for so small Abuse
A young Man may his Service lose:
And I wish, &c.

Now when this Botle is grown old,
And that it will no longer hold;
Out of the Side you may cut a Clout,
To mend your Shoes when worn out:
Or hang the other Side on a Pin,
'Twill serve to put many odd Trifles in;
As Nails, Awls, and Candles Ends,
For young Beginners need such Things.
*I wish in Heaven that Soul may dwell,
That first devis'd the Leather Bottel.*

SONG CLVII.

TIS a pitiful thing that now a days, Sir,
Our Poets turn Leathern Bottle Praisers;
But if a Leathern Thème they did lack, I
They might better have chosen the bonny Black-
Jack :

For when they are both now well worn and decay'd,
For the Jack, than the Bottle, much more may be
said ;

*And I wish his Soul much Good may partake,
That first devis'd the bonny Black-Jack.*

And now I will begin to declare

What the Conveniencies of the Jack are ;
First, when a Gang of good Fellows do meet,
As oft at a Fair or a Wake you may see't :
They resolve to have some merry Carouses,
And yet to get home in good time to their Houses ;
Then the Bottle it runs as slow as my Rhime,
With Jack they might all have been drunk in good
time ;

*And I wish his Soul in Peace may dwell,
That first devis'd that speedy Vessel.*

And therefore leave your Twidle-twattle,
Praise the Jack, praise no more the Leathern Bottle ;
For a Man at the Bottle may drink 'till he burst,
And yet not handsomely quench his Thirst :
The Master hereat maketh great Moan,
And doubts his Bottle has a Spice of the Stone ;

But if it had been a generous Jack,
 He might have had currently what he did lack:
And I wish his Soul in Paradise,
That first found out this happy Device.

Be your Liquor small, or thick as Mud,
 The cheating Bottle that still cries good, good;
 Then the Master again begins to storm;
 Because it said more than it could perform:
 But if it had been in an honest Black-Jack,
 It would have prov'd better to Sight, Smell, and
 Smack;
And I wish his Soul in Heaven may rest,
That added a Jack to Bacchus's Feast.

No Flaggon, Tankard, Bottle, or Jugg,
 Is half so fit, or so well can hold Tugg;
 For when a Man and his Wife play at Thwacks,
 There's nothing so good as a Pair of Black-Jacks.
 Thus to it they go, they swear, and they curse,
 It makes them both better, the Jacks ne'er the worse
 For they might have bang'd both till their Hearts
 did ach,

And yet no Hurt the Jacks could take;
And I wish his Heirs may have a Pension;
That first produc'd that lucky Invention.

Socrates and Aristotle
 Suck'd no Wit from a Leather Bottle;
 For surely I think a Man as soon may
 Find a Needle in a Bottle of Hay;

of ENGLISH SONGS. 169

But if the Black-Jack a Man often toss o'er,
Twill make him as drunk as any Philosopher;
When he that makes Jacks from a Peck to a

Quart,

Conjures not, tho' he lives by the Black Art:
And I wish, &c.

Besides, my good Friend, let me tell you, that
Fellow,

That fram'd the Bottle, his Brains were but *slight*
low;

The Case is so clear, I nothing need mention,
The Jack is a neater and deeper Invention;
When the Bottle is clean'd, the Dregs fly about,
As if the Guts and the Brains flew out;
But if in a Cannon-bore Jack it had been,
From the Top to the Bottom all might have been
clean:

*And I wish his Soul no Comfort may lack,
That first devis'd the bouncing Black-Jack.*

Your Leather Bottle is us'd by no Man,
That is a Hair's Breadth above a Plough-man;
Then let us gang to the *Hercules Pillars*,
And there visit those gallant Jack-swillers;
In these small, strong, sour, mild, stale,
They drink Orange, Lemon, and *Lambeth Ale*.
The chief of Heralds there allows
The Jack to be of an ancient House:
*And may his Successors never want Sack,
That first devis'd the long Leather Jack.*

Q

Then for the Bottle you cannot well fill it,
 Without a Tunnel, but that you must spill it;
 'Tis as hard to get in, as it is to get out,
 'Tis not so with the Jack, for it runs like a Spout:
 Then burn your Bottle, what good is in it,
 One cannot well fill it, nor drink, nor clean it;
 But if it had been in a bonny Black-Jack,
 'Twould come a great Pace, and hold you good
 Tack:

And I wish, &c.

He that's drunk in a Jack looks as fierce as a
 Spark,

That were just ready cock'd to shoot at a Mark;
 When the other thing up to the Mouth it goes,
 Makes a Man look with a great Bottle-Nose:
 All wise Men conclude, that a Jack new or old,
 Tho' beginning to leak, is however worth Gold;
 For when a poor Man on the way does trudge it,
 His worn-out Jack serves him for a Budget;
And I wish his Heirs may never want Sack,
That first contriv'd the Leather Black-Jack.

When Bottle and Jack stand together, fie on't,
 The Bottle looks just like a Dwarf to a Giant;
 Then have we not Reason the Jack for to chuse,
 For they can make Boots, when the Bottle mends
 Shoes?

For add but to every Jack a Foot,
 And every Jack becomes a Boot:
 Then give me my Jack, there's a Reason why,
 They have kept us wet, and they'll keep us dry:

of ENGLISH SONGS. 171.

I now shall cease, but as I'm an honest Man,
The Jack deserves to be call'd Sir John,
And may they ne'er want for Belly nor Back,
That kept up the Trade of the bonny Black-Jack.

S O N G CLVIII.

AN Oxfordshire Chap
Sings fair Fanny Knap,
Dan Pope sings *The Maid of the Inn*;
Then why should not I,
Tho' I sore not so high,
Sing Polly of *Bethnal Green*?

Altho' my weak Verse,
Her Praise to rehearse,
I own is too languid and mean;
Yet still the Essay
My Respect will display
For Polly of *Bethnal Green*.

Perhaps too my Lays
Some other may raise,
As skilful in Verse as the *Dean*,
Whose Muse will, with Joy,
All her Powers employ
For Polly of *Bethnal Green*.

172 A COLLECTION

Such Lovers whose Fair
Of mean Reputation
Their Passion from every one screen;
I dare, without Shame,
My Affection proclaim
For Polly of Bethnal Green.

We view with Surprise,
In her brilliant Eyes,
Such Lustre and Glances so keen,
As all Men must own
Are in few, or in none
But Polly of Bethnal Green.

For the transient Grace
Of a beautiful Face,
I acknowledge some few may be seen
Whose Charms would surprize
With more Wonder your Eyes
Than Polly of Bethnal Green.

But, tho' you should run
A Race with the Sun,
And travel where-e'er he has been,
Not one will you find
With so perfect a Mind
As Polly of Bethnal Green.

Wherever she goes,
Whatever she does,

of ENGLISH SONGS. 173

Engaging and fine is her Mien;
And few can pretend
In Good Sense to contend
With Polly of *Bethnal Green*.

Poor People are glad,
When Leave may be had,
In the Fields of the Wealthy to glean:
As great is my Joy,
When my Time I employ
With Polly of *Bethnal Green*.

Not half such Delight,
To the Smell and the Sight,
Affords the fresh Flow'r of the Bean,
As engages the whole
Of my Heart and my Soul,
With Polly of *Bethnal Green*.

The rapturous Sound
O'th' Musick around,
At the Play ere they open the Scene,
No Joy can afford
Like a kind Look or Word
From Polly of *Bethnal Green*.

A Palace of State,
As pompous and great
As Henry the Eighth had at *Sheen*,

A Prison would be,
Unless there I could see
My Polly of Bethnal Green,

My Friends with an Air
Of Wonder oft stare,
To find me forget quite and clean,
That they are so nigh,
And, with Tears in my Eye,
Sigh **Polly of Bethnal Green.**

When Writing, oft I
My Papers throw by,
And on the Desk pensively lean,
Then resolve in my Mind,
All the Charms that I find
In **Polly of Bethnal Green.**

The Sports of the Town
No longer go down,
But raise my Aversion and Spleen;
To me 'tis by far
Greater Joy to repair
To **Polly of Bethnal Green.**

Tho' Rogues, as they say,
Which lurk on the Way,
And the length of the way between,
Should make me take Care,
Left I venture too far
For **Polly of Bethnal Green.**

of ENGLISH SONGS. 275

Yet I should not fear
 Tho' certain there were
 Instead of one Danger fifteen;
 Nor shall the long Way
 E'er occasion my Stay
 From Polly of Bethnal Green.

Poor Mariners seek
 On springing a Leak,
 A Port to refit and careen;
 With much less Desire
 Than Love does inspire
 For Polly of Bethnal Green.

Sat I on a Throne
 With a Scepter and Crown,
 And could make whom I pleased a Queen,
 I quickly would prove
 That no other I love
 Like Polly of Bethnal Green.

But—ah!—with what Pain
 I think that a Swain,
 Ere long, may perhaps intervene,
 And with greater Art,
 Tho' less Love, win the Heart
 Of Polly of Bethnal Green.

If this e'er should be,
 Me quickly you'll see
 Low laid in the Grave, for I weep,

176 A COLLECTION

That by the sad Stroke
My poor Heart would be broke,
For Polly of Bethnal Green.

SONG CLIX.

DEEP melancholick Thoughts arise,
And gloomy Cares around me fly,
Which fill my Soul with dire Surmise,
And dreadful Pains, and Woes supply.
Were you to search o'er India's Coast,
And all their plenteous Vines survey,
You'd find they can't such Liquor boast,
As can my piercing Grief allay:
Or cou'd you drein the Sea, by Art or Way,
Not all its wat'ry Stores can cool
Those Flames that rage within my Heart,
And burn and waste my inmost Soul.

SONG CLX.

HOW can you be so false to me,
So false to me, O cruel and deluding Swain?
How oft have you sworn to be true?
And now turn Reprobate again!

of ENGLISH SONGS. 2477

When in the Wood
You mournful stood,
Complaining of my fatal Charms,
I had too soon
Compassion on
Your Woes, and took you to my Arms.

But now you range,
And quickly change,
To the first Shepherdess you see ;
Unconstant Man,
Thus to trapan
A Maid who loved none but thee.

The Answer.

WHEN you your Swain
Eas'd of this Pain,
And yielded me this Heav'nly Love,
In Extasy
I swore to thee,
I faithful would for ever prove.

Tho' ev'ry Grate
Shone in your Face,
And my poor love-sick Heart o'ercame ;
Alas! it is
Long time since this ;
An Age has quench'd that violent Flame.



SONG CLXI.

He. **C**HLOE is witty
Chloe is pretty;
 Lovely Charmer of the Plain,
 Be now consenting,
 No more tormenting,
 Let me, dear *Chloe*, your Favour gain.

She. You're always roving,
 New Faces loving,
 Ev'ry Nymph upon the Plain;
 Let me assure you,
 I can't endure you,
 And you my Favour ne'er shall gain.

SONG CLXII.

FROM Place to place forlorn I go,
 With down-cast Eyes, a silent Shade,
 Forbidden to declare my Woe;
 To speak, till spoken to, afraid.

My inward Pangs, my secret Grief,
 My soft consenting Looks betray;
 He loves, but gives me no Relief;
 Why speaks not he who may?



SONG CLXIII.

LET not Love on me bestow
Soft Distress and silent Woe;
I know none but substantial Bliss;
Tender Glances, solid Kisses;
I know not what the Lovers feign
Of finer Pleasure mix'd with Pain;
Then pr'ythee give me, gentle Boy,
None of thy Grief, but all thy Joy.

SONG CLXIV.

YE Minutes bring the happy Hour,
And *Chloe*, blushing, to the Bow'r;
Then shall all idle Flames be o'er,
Nor Eyes or Heart e'er wander more:
Both, *Chloe*, fix'd for e'er on thee,
For thou art all thy Sex to me.

A guilty is a false Embrace;
Corinna's Love's a Fairy-Chase;
Begone, thou Meteor, fleeting Fire,
And all that can't survive Desire:
Chloe my Reason moves and Awe,
And *Cupid* shot me when he saw.



SONG CLXV.

CYNDERAXA, kind and good,
Has all my Heart and Stomach too;
She makes me love; nor hate my Food,
As other peevish Wenches do.

When *Venus* leaves her *Vulcan's* Cell,
Which all but I a Cole-hole call;
Fly, fly ye, that above Stairs dwell,
Her Face is wash'd, ye vanish all.

And as she's fair, she can impart
That Beauty, to make all things fine;
Brightens the Floor with wond'rous Art,
And at her Touch the Dishes shine.

SONG CLXVI.

O N yonder Bed, supinely laid,
Behold thy lov'd expecting Maid:
In Tremor, Blushes, half in Tears,
Much, much she wishes, more she fears.
Take, take her to thy faithful Arms,
Hymen bestows thee all her Charms.
Heav'n to thee bequeaths the Fair,
To raise thy Joy, and dull thy Care:
Heav'n made Grief, if mutual, cease,
But Joy divided to increase:
To mourn with her exceeds Delight,
Darkness with her, the Joys of Light.

SONG CLXVII.

A Rise, arise, great Dead, for Arms renown'd,
Rise from your Urns, and save your dying
Story;

Your Deeds will be in dark Oblivion drown'd,
For mighty *William* seizes all your Glory.

Again the *British* Trumpet sounds,

Again *Britannia* bleeds;

To glorious Death or comely Wounds

Her god-like Monarch leads,

Pay us, kind Fate, the Debt you owe,

Celestial Minds from Clay untie;

Let Coward Spirits dwell below,

~~And only give the brave to die.~~

SONG CLXVIII.

CECILIA, when with artful Nore

You charm th' attentive Ear;

And warble from your tuneful Throat

What Seraphims might hear,

My Soul in Raptures feels the Song,

And dwells upon the Sound:

So Syrens draw the list'ning Throng,

And please them while they wound.

SONG CLXIX.

FROM bright *Amanela's* Charms
 Ah! what Relief is found?
 She every way the Soul alarms,
 And never fails to wound.

Reason and Love, once Foes profess'd,
 Their utmost Forces join;
 And make the most obdurate Breast,
 Confess her all divine.

Whether she speaks, or looks, or moves,
 Strange Passion she inspires,
 Scorning the Arts of vulgar Loves,
 At once she awes and fires.

SONG CLXX.

THE Heart that once has Pow'r to change,
 And with a second Passion burn,
 Tho' to the first it would return,
 Will ever be inclin'd to range.
 Then, charming faithless Swain, give o'er,
 Nor think my Pray'rs or Sighs to move;
 A Rebel once to me and Love,
 I may forgive, but trust no more.
 No more will I deluded be,
 Tho' with secret Wishes lying,
 All dissolving, melting, dying,
 To Death I'll yield, but not to thee.

SONG CLXXI.

WHAT! put off with one Denial?
And not make a second Tryal!

You might see my Eyes consenting,
All about me was relenting:
Women, oblig'd to dwell in Forms,
Forgive the Youth who boldly forms.

Lovers, when you sigh and languish,
When you tell us of your Anguish;
To the Nymph you'll be more pleasing,
When those Sorrows you are easing:
We love to try how far Men dare,
And never with the Foe should spare.

SONG CLXXII.

HOW hardly I conceal my Tears!
How oft did I complain?

When many tedious Days my Fears
Told me I lov'd in vain.

But now my Joys as wild are grown,
And hard to be conceal'd;

Sorrow may make a silent Moan,
But Joy will be reveal'd.

I tell it to the bleating Flocks,
To every Stream and Tree,

And bless the hollow murm'ring Rocks,
For ecchoing back to me.

Thus you may see with how much Joy
We want, we wish, believe;
'Tis hard such Passion do destroy,
But easy to deceive.

SONG CLXXIII.

Calia. **A**MINTAS, I am come alone;
According as I said;

But whither is thy Honour flown?

I fear I am betray'd:

Thy Looks are chang'd, and in the Place

~~Of innocent Desires,~~

Methinks I see thy Eyes and Face

Burn with unusual Fires.

Aminas. Sees not my *Calia* Nature wear

One Count'nance in the Spring,

And yet another Shape prepare

To bring the Harvest in?

Look on the Eagle, how unlike

He to the Egg is found,

When he prepares his Pounce to strike

His Prey against the Ground,

Fears might my infant Love become;

'Twere want of Kindness now,

Should Modesty my Hope benumb,

Or check what you allow.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 185

C. *Amintas*, hold! what could you worse
To worst of Women do?

Ah! how could you a Passion nurse
So much my Honour's Foe?

A. Make not an Idol of a Toy,
Which ev'ry Breath can shake,
Which all must have, or none enjoy,
Which Course so'er we take:

Whilst Women hate, or Men are vain,
You cannot be secure;
What makes my *Calia* then a Pain
So fruitless to endure?

C. Could I the World neglect for thee,
Thy Love, tho' dear it cost,

In some unkind Conceit of me,
Would be untimely lost;

Thou wouldst thy own Example fear,
And every heedless Word

I chance let fall, beyond thy Care,
Would some new Doubt afford.

A. If I am jealous, 'tis because
I know not where you love;

With me fulfil Love's gentle Laws,
And all my Fears remove.

C. Women, like things at second-hand,
Do half their Value lose;

But, whilst all Courtship they withstand,
May at their Pleasure chuse.

A. This were a fine Discourse, my Dear,
If we were not alone;

But now Love whispers in my Ear,
There's somewhat to be done.

She said she never would forgive;

He, kissing, (swore she should;

And told her she was mad, to strive

Against their mutual Good.

What further past, I cannot tell,

But sure not much amiss;

He vow'd he lov'd her dearly well,

She answer'd with a Kiss.

SONG CLXXIV.

THE Nymph that undoes me, is fair and un-
kind,

No less than a Wonder by Nature design'd;

She's the Grief of my Heart, the Joy of my Eye,

And the Cause of a Flame that never can die.

Her Mouth, from whence Wit still obligingly
flows,

Has the beautiful Blush, and the Smell of the Rose:

Love and Destiny both attend on her Will,

She wounds with a Look, with a Frown she can
kill.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 187.

The desperate Lover can hope no Redress,
Where Beauty and Rigour are both in Excess; T
In *Sylvia* they meet, so unhappy am I,
Who sees her must love, and who loves her must
die.

SONG CLXXV.

AH! *Calia*, that I were but sure
Thy Love, like mine, cou'd still endure;
That Time and Absence, which destroy
The Cares of Lovers, and their Joy,
Cou'd never rob me of that Part
Which you have given me of your Heart:

Others unenvy'd might possess
Whole Hearts, and boast that Happiness;
'Twas nobler Fortune to divide
The *Roman* Empire in her Pride,
Than on some low and barb'rous Throne,
Obscurely plac'd to rule alone.

Love only from thy Heart exacts
The several Debra thy Face contracts,
And by that new and juster way
Secures thy Empire and his Sway:
Fav'ring but one, he might compel
The hopeless Lover to rebel.

But shou'd he other Hearts thus share,
That in the whole so worthless are;

188 4 COLLECTION

Shou'd into several Squadrons draw
That Strength, which kept entire would away
Men would his scatter'd Powers deride,
And conqu'ring him, those Spoils divide.

SONG CLXXVI.

Sweetest Bud of Beauty, may
No untimely Frost decay
The early Glories which we trace
Blooming in thy matchless Face;
But kindly op'ning, like the Rose,
Fresh Beauties every Day disclose,
Such as by Nature are not shown
In all the Blossoms she has blown.
And then what Conquest shall you make,
Who Hearts already daily take?
Scorch'd in the Morning with thy Beams,
How shall we bear those sad Extremes,
Which must attend thy threat'ning Eyes,
When thou shalt to thy Noon arise?

SONG CLXXVII.

Phil. **T**ELL me, gentle *Strephon*, why
You from my Embraces fly:
Does my Love thy Love destroy?
Tell me, I will yet be coy.

Stay, O stay! and I will feign
(Tho' I break my Heart) Disdain;

But lest I too unkind appear,
For ev'ry Frown I'll shed a Tear.

And if in vain I court thy Love,
Let mine, at least, thy Pity move?
Ah while I scorn, vouchsafe to wooe,
Methinks you may dissimble too.

Strepb. Ah! *Phillis*, that you wou'd contrive
A way to keep my Love alive;
But all your other Charms must fail,
When Kindness ceases to prevail.

Alas! no less than you I grieve,
My dying Flame has no Reprieve;
For I can never hope to find,
Shou'd all the Nymphs I court be kind,

One Beauty able to renew
Those Pleasures I enjoy in you,
When Love and Youth did both conspire
To fill our Breasts and Veins with Fire.

'Tis true, some other Nymph may gain
That Heart which merits your Disdain;
But second Love has still Alloy,
The Joys grow aged; and decay.

Then blame me not for losing more
Than Love and Beauty can restore;
And let this Truth thy Comfort prove,
I would, but can no longer love.

SONG CLXXVIII.

FROM all uneasy Passions free,
 Revenge, Ambition, Jealousy,
 Contented I had been, too blest,
 If Love and you would let me rest.
 Yet that dull Life I now despise;
 Safe from your Eyes,
 I fear'd no Griefs, but Oh! I found no Joys,

Amidst a thousand soft Desires,
 Which Beauty moves, and Love inspires;
 I feel such Pangs of jealous Fear,
 No Heart so kind as mine can bear.
 Yet I'll defy the worst of Harms;
 Such are those Charms,
 'Tis worth a Life, to die within your Arms.

SONG CLXXIX.

WHY all this Anger, *Calia*, shown,
 And I th' unhappy Object made?
 Why will you punish with a Frown
 The Wretch whom first your Smiles betray'd?

Not all your Beauty and your Wit
 Could force my stubborn Heart to yield;
 Compell'd by Kindness, I submit,
 And willingly resign the Field.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 191

'Tis this retains me still your Slave,
'Tis this which makes me humbly bow;
Your former Favours, *Calia*, gave
The mighty Pow'r your Frowns have now.

'Tis strange that Cruelty to Love,
The Force with which it wounds, should owe;
But surely this more strange will prove,
If Cruelty from Love can flow.

If for th' Effects of loving thee
Your Servant by your Anger dies,
And, *Calia*, you'll revenge on me
The tempting Lustre of your Eyes.

Like *Orpheus*, I have sung in vain,
Since my fond Love my Blifs destroys;
Like him, a fleeting Pleasure to obtain,
I've lost the Hope of solid Joys.

SONG CLXXX.

WHAT Beauties does *Flora* disclose?
How sweet are her Smiles upon *Tweed*?
Her Mary's are sweeter than those;
Both Nature and Fancy exceed:
Nor Daisie, nor sweet blushing Rose,
Nor all the gay Flow'rs of the Field,
Nor *Tweed* gliding gently thro' those,
Such Beauty and Pleasure does yield.

The Warblers are heard in the Grove,
 The Linnet, the Lark, and the Thrush,
 The Black-bird, and sweet-cooing Dove,
 With Musick enchant ev'ry Bush.
 Come, let us go forth to the Mead,
 Let us see how the Primroses spring;
 We'll lodge in some Village on Tweed,
 And love where the feather'd Folks sing.

How does my Love pass the long Day?
 Does Mary not tend a few Sheep?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep?
 Tweed's Murmurs should lull her to Rest!
 Kind Nature indulging my Bliss,
 To relieve the soft Pains of my Breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial Kiss.

'Tis she does the Virgins excel,
 No Beauty with her may compare;
 Love's Graces all round her do dwell,
 She's fairest where Thousands are fair.
 Say, Charmer, where do thy Flocks stray?
 Oh! tell me at Noon where they feed;
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
 Or the pleasanter Banks of the Tweed?



SONG CLXXXI.

WHEN Gold is in Hand,
It gives us Command;
It makes us lov'd and respected.
'Tis now as of yore,
Wit and Sense, when poor,
Are scorn'd, o'erlook'd, and neglected;
Tho' peevish and old,
If Women have Gold,
They have Youth, Good-humour, and Beauty:
Among all Mankind,
Without it we find
Nor Love, nor Favour, nor Duty.

SONG CLXXXII.

AS *Celia* near a Fountain lay,
Her Eye-lids clos'd with Sleep,
The Shepherd *Damon* chanc'd that way
To drive his Flock of Sheep.

With awful Steps h' approach'd the Fair,
To view her charming Face;
Where ev'ry Feature wore an Air,
And ev'ry Part a Grace.

His Heart inflam'd with amorous Pain,
He wish'd the Nymph would wake;

Tho' ne'er before was any Swain
So unprepar'd to speak.

Whilst slumb'ring thus fair *Calia* lay,
Soft Wishes fill'd her Mind;
She cry'd, come, *Thyrsis*, come away,
For now I will be kind.

Damon embrac'd the lucky *Hir*,
And flew into her Arms;
He took her in the yielding Fit,
And rifled all her Charms.

S O N G CLXXXIII.

WHAT Man, in his Wits, had not rather be
poor,

Than for Lucre his Freedom to give:
Ever busy the Means of his Life to secure,
And so ever neglecting to live.

Inviron'd from Morning to Night in a Crowd,
Not a Moment unbent or alone;
Constrain'd to be abject, tho' never so proud,
And at every one's Call but his own.

Still rip'ning, and longing for Quiet each Hour,
Yet studiously flying it still;
With the Means of enjoying his Wish in his Pow'r,
But accurst with his wanting the Will.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 195

For a Year must be past, or a Day must be come,
Before he has Leisure to rest :
He must add to his Store this or that pretty Sum,
And then will have Time to be blest.

But his Gains, more bewitching the more they
increase,

Only swell the Desire of his Eye :
Such a Wretch let mine Enemy live, if he please ;
Let not even mine Enemy die.

SONG CLXXXIV.

FORgive, fair Creature, form'd to please,
Forgive a wond'ring Youth's Desire :
Those Charms, those Virtues when he sees,
How can he see, and not admire ?

While each the other still improves,
The fairest Face, the fairest Mind ;
Not, with the Proverb, he that loves,
But he that loves you not, is blind.

SONG CLXXXV.

HARD by the Hall, our Master's House,
Where M'urfy flows to meet the Main ;
Where Woods, and Winds, and Waves dispose
A Lover to complain :

With Arms a-cross, along the Strand
Poor *Lycon* walk'd, and hung his Head,
Viewing the Footsteps in the Sand
Which a bright Nymph had made.

The Tide, says he, will soon erase
The Marks so lightly here impress;
But Time or Tide will ne'er deface
Her Image in my Breast.

Am I some Savage Beast of Prey?
Am I some horrid Monster grown?
That thus she flies so swift away,
Or meets me with a Frown!

That Bosom soft, that Lily Skin
(Trust not the fairest outward Show)
Contains a Marble Heart within,
A Rock hid under Snow.

Ah me! the Flints and Pebbles wound
Her tender Feet, from whence there fell
Those crimson Drops, which stain the Ground,
And beautify each Shell.

Ah! Fair one, moderate thy Flight,
I will no more in vain pursue;
But take my leave for a long Night;
Adieu, lov'd Maid, adieu.

With that he took a running Leap,
He took a Lover's Leap indeed,

of ENGLISH SONGS. 197

And plung'd into the sounding Deep,
Where hungry Filhes feed.

The melancholly Hern stalks by,
Around the squauling Sea-Gulls yell;
Aloft the croaking Ravens fly,
And toll his Fun'ral Bell.

The Waters roll above his Head,
The Billows tost it o'er and o'er;
His Ivory Bones lye scattered,
And whiten all the Shore.

S O N G CLXXXVI.

JOCKY mer with *Fenny* fair,
Aft by the Dawning of the Day;
But *Jocky* now is fu' of Care,
Since *Fenny* staw his Heart away:
Altho' she promis'd to be true,
She proven has alake! unkind;
Which gars poor *Jocky* aften rue
That e'er he loo'd a fickle Mind.
And it's o'er the Hills and far away,
It's o'er the Hills and far away,
It's o'er the Hills and far away,
The Wind has blawn my Plaid away.

Now *Jocky* was a bony Lad
As e'er was born in *Scotland* fair;

But now, poor Man, he's e'en gane wood,

Since Jenny has gart him despair.

Young Jocky was a Piper's Son,

And fell in Love when he was young,

But a' the Springs that he cou'd play

Was, O'er the Hills and far away,

And it's o'er the Hills, &c.

He sung——when first my Jenny's Face

I saw, she seem'd so fu' of Grace,

With meikle Joy my Heart was fill'd,

That's now, alas! with Sorrow kill'd:

Oh! was she but as true as fair,

'Twad put an End to my Despair;

Instead of that she is unkind,

And wavers like the Winter-Wind.

And it's o'er the Hills, &c.

Ah! cou'd she find the dismal Wae

That for her Sake I undergae,

She coudna chuse but grant Relief,

And put an End to a' my Grief:

But oh! she is as fause as fair,

Which causes a' my Sighs and Care;

But she triumphs in proud Disdain,

And takes a Pleasure in my Pain!

And it's o'er the Hills, &c.

Hard was my Hap to fa' in Love

With ane that does sae faithless prove;

Hard was my Fate to court a Maid

That has my constant Heart betray'd:

of ENGLISH SONGS. 199

A thousand times to me she sware
She wad be true for evermair;
But, to my Grief, alake! I say,
She staw my Heart, and ran away.
And its o'er the Hills, &c.

Since that she will nae Piry take,
I maun gae wander for her Sake,
And in ilk Wood and gloomy Grove,
I'll sighing sing adieu to Love:
Since she is fause whom I adore,
I'll never trust a Woman more;
Fra' a' their Charms I'll flee away,
And on my Pipe I'll sweetly play,
O'er Hills and Dales, and far away,
Out o'er the Hills, and far away,
Out o'er the Hills, and far away,
The Wind has blown my Plaid away.

S O N G CLXXXVII.

WILLY was a wanton Wag,
The blythest Lad that e'er I saw,
At Bridals still he bore the Brag,
And carried ay the Gree awa':
His Doublet was of *Zetland* Shag,
And wow! but *Willy* he was braw,
And at his Shoulder hang a Tag,
That pleas'd the Lasses best of a'.

He was a Man without a Clag,

His Heart was frank, without a Flaw;
And ay whatever *Willy* said,

It was still haden as a Law.

His Boots they were made of the Jag,

When he went to the Weapon-shaw;
Upon the Green nane durst him brag,

The Fiend a'ne amang them a'.

And was not *Willy* well worth Gowd?

He wan the Love of great and sma';
For after he the Bride had kiss'd,

He kiss'd the Lassies hale-sale a':
Sae merrily round the Ring they row'd,

When be the Hand he led them a',
And Smack on Smack on them bestow'd,
By Virtue of a standing Law.

And was na *Willy* a great Loun,

As shyre a Lick as e'er was seen?

When he danc'd with the Lassies round,

The Bridegroom speer'd where he had been,
Quoth *Willy*, I've been at the Ring,

With bobbing, faith, my Shanks are fair;
Gae ca' your Bride and Maidens in,
For *Willy* he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, *Willy*, I'll gae out,

■ And for a wee fill up the Ring:

But Shame light on his souple Snout,
He wanted *Willy's* wanton Fling.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 201

Then frait he to the Bride did fare,
Says, Well's me on your bony Face,
With bobbing *Willy's* Shanks are fair,
And I am come to fill his Place.

Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the Dance,
And at the Ring you'll ay be lag,
Unless like *Willy* ye advance;
(O! *Willy* has a wanton Leg)
For wi't he learns us a' to steer,
And formast ay bears up the Ring;
We will find nae sic dancing here,
If we want *Willy's* wanton Fling:

SONG CLXXXVIII.

SEE, see, like *Venus* she appears,
With all her Heav'n of Charms!
Her spotless Form, her blooming Years,
Enchant me to her Arms.
Were I to chuse my fav'rite Joy,
Or Love, or Kingly Sway,
Her Smiles would all my Hours employ, —
And sport the World away.

SONG CLXXXIX.

WHEN Stock was fall'n down, derry down,
To bob for *Greenland* Whale
The *South-Sea* to the *North-Sea* sent;
And thereby hangs a Tale.

He was a Man without a Clag,

His Heart was frank, without a Flaw;
And ay whatever *Willy* said,

It was still haden as a Law.

His Boots they were made of the Jag,

When he went to the Weapon-shaw;

Upon the Green nane durst him brag,

The Fiend a ane amang them a'.

And was not *Willy* well worth Gowd?

He wan the Love of great and sma';

For after he the Bride had kiss'd,

He kiss'd the Lasses hale-sale a':

Sae merrily round the Ring they row'd,

When be the Hand he led them a',

And Smack on Smack on them bestow'd,

By Virtue of a standing Law.

And was na *Willy* a great Loun,

As shyre a Lick as e'er was seen?

When he danc'd with the Lasses round,

The Bridegroom speer'd where he had been.

Quoth *Willy*, I've been at the Ring,

With bobbing, taith, my Shanks are sair;

Gae ca' your Bride and Maidens in,

For *Willy* he dow do nae mair.

Then rest ye, *Willy*, I'll gae out,

■ And for a wee fill up the Ring:

But Shame light on his souple Snout,

He wanted *Willy's* wanton Fling.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 201

Then strait he to the Bride did fare,
Says, Well's me on your bony Face,
With bobbing *Willy's* Shanks are fair,
And I am come to fill his Place.

Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the Dance,
And at the Ring you'll ay be lag,
Unless like *Willy* ye advance;
(O! *Willy* has a wanton Leg)
For wi't he learns us a' to steer,
And formast ay bears up the Ring;
We will find nae sic dancing here,
If we want *Willy's* wanton Fling:

SONG CLXXXVIII.

SEE, see, like *Venus* she appears,
With all her Heav'n of Charms!
Her spotless Form, her blooming Years,
Enchant me to her Arms.
Were I to chuse my fav'rite Joy,
Or Love, or Kingly Sway,
Her Smiles would all my Hours employ, —
And sport the World away.

SONG CLXXXIX.

WHEN Stock was fall'n down, derry down,
To bob for *Greenland* Whale
The *South-Sea* to the *North-Sea* sent;
And thereby hangs a Tale.

What else they got, I know no more
Than does the Pope of Rome;
But twelve tall Ships together sail'd,
And brought a Dog-Fish home.

This Dog-Fish he was young and tame,
And eke a Beauty rare,
As e'er was seen at *Bartlowew*,
Aye, or at *Southmark* Fair.

His Eyes were sparkling bright as e'er
A Lady's in the Land;
His Skin as soft as Blackamoor's,
Or Velvet to your Hand.

His Skin, good-lack! I should have said
How sleek and short his Hair;
But then, so long as 'twas so short,
It may be past howe'er.

As for this Dog's two Fore-Legs, they
Were neither big nor small;
And as for his two Hinder-Legs,
They were no Legs at all.

Behind these Legs there hung an A—
And at that same this Lub-
ber Dog-Fish had a picked Tail;
Which Tail was in a Tub.

And eke this Tub was his Closetool,
So close that nought was lost;

of ENGLISH SONGS. 203

For his E-v-a-cu-a-ti-ons
Were made a *parte post*.

A *parte post*; these Words so hard,
In *Latin* tho' we speak 'em,
Their Meaning in plain *English* is,
He made pure *Album-Gracum*.

From far and near, this Dog to see,
Came Skullers and came Oars;
Cits, Cuckolds, Cuckold-makers, Beaux,
Wives, Widows, Maids, and W——

Came thick and three-fold *Wappineers*,
All thro' Bridge Ho! so jolly;
Came Shoals from *Battersea*, tho' cut
For Simples, to the *Folly*.

For at the *Folly*, you must know,
His wise Directors plac'd him;
And, like my Lord-May'r in his Barge,
With Flag and Trumpet grac'd him.

To see him, all their Testers gave,
And some gave all they had;
And so our Dog he bit 'em all:
'Tis well he was not mad.

So Cash came in, and Stock run high:
Rare Hope of Dividend!
The Word it now was *Cent per Cent*,
But mark ye, Sirs, the End.

They, too intent on *Cent per Cent*,
Their growing Gains pursue;
And Penny-wise, alack! forget
To give the Dog his Due.

His Flounders they forgot to bring;
Nor Gudgeons did provide,
Nor laid they Salt upon his Tail;
And so poor Toby dy'd.

Tho' the Dog-star, the Learned say,
Now mounting up the Skies,
Upon his Rival here below
Look'd down with envious Eyes;

And growl'd, and cock'd his Tail, and thence
Shot forth a killing Ray;
Now I am rising, thou shalt set;
Each Dog must have his Day.

So Toby dy'd; but if the Muse,
My Muse, can aught foretel,
Babes yet unborn shall sing his Fame
In this same Dog-ger-el.

Then with we all, since from one Dog
Such Profits might have come,
That four and twenty Ships, next Year,
May bring a couple home.



SONG CXG.

J O N N T.

TH O' for seven Years and mair Honour should
reave me,

To Fields where Cannons raie, thou need na grieve
thee.

For deep in my Spirit thy Sweets are indented,
And Love shall preserve ay what Love has im-
printed :

*Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the World as it will, Dearest believe me.*

N E L L Y.

O Jonny, I'm jealous, when'er ye discover
My Sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose Rover;
And naught i'the World wad vex my Heart fairer,
If you prove unconstant, and fancy ane fairer;
Grieve me, grieve me, oh it wad grieve me!
At the lang Night and Day, if you deceive me.

J O N N T.

My Nelly, let never sic Fancies oppress ye,
For while my Blood's warm, I'll kindly caress ye;
Your blooming soft Beauties first beeted Love's Fire,
Your Virtue and Wit make it ay flame the higher:
*Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
Gang the World as it will, Dearest, believe me.*

T

N E E T.

Then, Jonny, I frankly this Minute allow ye
To think me your Mistress, for Love gars me trow
ye,

And gin ye prove false, to ye'r sell be it said then;
Ye'll win but sma' Honour to wrang a kind Maiden;
Reave me, reave me, Heavens! *it wad reave me*
Of my Rest Night and Day, if ye deceive me.

J O N N Y.

Bid Iceshogles hammer red Gauds on the Studdy,
And fair Simmer Mornings nae mair appear ruddy;
Bid Bryttons think ae Gate, and when they obey ye,
But never 'till that Time, believe I'll betray ye:
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;
The Starns shall gang withershins ere I deceive
thee.

S O N G CXCI.

CHLOE proves false, but still she is charm-
ing;
Nature like Beauty her Temper has made;
Subject to change,
O'er each Heart she will range;
Always alarming,
Ever disarming,
Never dismay'd.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 207

Banish my Senses, or let her not flight me;
Love ne'er was made to inherit Disdain;

Love is a Bubble,
That gives Mankind Trouble;
Reflecting Extasy
Drops with the Simile
Airy and vain.

Sure *Venus* gave her that Face to deceive me,
And gave the Boy but one Arrow would fly;
Haste to thy Mother,
And beg for another;
Chloe, the Mark must be,
Make her to pity me,
Ere that I die.

S O N G CXCH.

GOOD Wine will drown Sorrow, 'twill soften
our Care;

'Twill make our Hearts merry, and drive away
Fear:

But a Pox take the Vintner who murders good
Claret,

May he be a poor Cuckold, and die in a Garret.

Good Wine will divert us, when Troubles assail;
'Tis this will revive us, when other things fail;
Then a Pox take the Vintner, &c.

S O N G CXCIH.

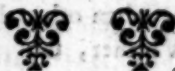
BY Chresht and Shaint *Patrick*, going home
late last Night,
About Two in the Morning, I was put in a Fright;
Comes a Dog in a Doublet, stripp'd all in his Shin,
And throws down poor Teague very clean in the
Dirt.

Then firing his Pisttol direct on my Faish,
Stand still, you dam Dog, or you're dead on the
Plaish :

(De'el tauke him for me, for his Favour and Graish)
For ne'er was dear Joy in more sorrowful Caish.

Confounded and speechless, bold as Hero I cry'd,
Your Rogueship one Day shall at Tyburn be try'd;
If Teague catch you again at such vile Tricks as
these,
He will swear Joy upon you his Majesty's Peash.

Thus threaten'd, he shivily cry'd, my dear Honey,
I'll not hurt thee at all, but present me thy Money.
My Money, dear Joy, 'tis Teague's Shoul—he's
undone;
Well e'en tauke it all—for by Chresht I have none.



SONG CXCIV.

TO charming *Calia's* Arms I strew,
And there all Night I feasted,
No God such Transports ever knew,
Or Mortal ever tasted.

Lost in the sweet tumultuous Joy,
And blest beyond expressing,
How can your Slave, my Fair, said I,
Reward so great a Blessing?

The whole Creation's Wealth survey,
O'er both the *Indies* wander;
Ask what brib'd Senates give away,
And fighting Monarchs squander.

The richest Spoils of Earth and Air,
The rifled Ocean's Treasure,
'Tis all too poor a Bribe by far,
To purchase so much Pleasure.

She blushing cry'd, my Life, my Dear,
Since *Calia* thus you fancy,
Give her, but 'tis too much, I fear,
A Rundlet of right *Nantxy*.



SONG CXCV.

Foible. **F**oolish Lover,
Silent Lover,

How can you let her tease me?

Quickly discover,

Stupid Lover,

How you are bound to please me.

Merit. When you shou'd be kind,

You always are blind

To the Sorrows I daily suffer;

Fair Lady, bestow

Some Respite from Woe,

And pity a faithful Lover.

Spright. Foolish Lover,

Silent Lover,

How can you let me tease her?

Quickly discover,

Stupid Lover,

How you are bound to please her.

SONG CXCVI.

THE jolly Bowl does glad my Soul,

The flowing Liquor cheers my Heart:

I revel free from all Controul;

'Tis this that does improve all Art,

of ENGLISH SONGS. 211

The Miser may be pleas'd with Gold,
The sporting Beau with pretty Lads;
But I'm best pleas'd when I behold
The Nectar sparkling in the Glass.

SONG : CXCVII.

ON a grassy Pillow
The youthful *Myrtillo*
Transported was laid;
In his Arms a Creature
Whose ev'ry Feature
For Conquest was made :
To his Side he clasp'd her,
And fondly grasp'd her,
While she cry'd, O dear!
O dear *Myrtillo* !
Had I known your Will-O
I'd never come here.

Streams gently flowing,
And Zephyr blowing,
Ambrosial Breeze ;
A Swain admiring,
And all conspiring
The Charmer to please ;
The dear Nymph complying,
No more denying
A silent Grove ;

212 A COLLECTION

O blest *Myrtillo*!
 You may, if you will O,
 Be happy as *Jove*.

Now the Devil's in it,
 If such a Minute

The Shepherd could lose:

No, no, *Myrtillo*
 Has better Skill, O

His Moments to chuse;
 The delightful Treasure

Of Love and Pleasure
 He boldly seiz'd;

And, like *Myrtillo*,
 He had his Fill-O

Of what he pleas'd.

S O N G CXCVIII.

A Merry Land, by this Light;
 We laugh at our own Undoing,
 And labour, with all our Might,

For Slavery and Ruin:
 New Factions we daily raise,
 New Maxims we're ever instilling;

And him that to day we praise
 To morrow's a Rogue and a Villain.

The cunning Politician,
 Whose Aim is to gull the People,

Begins his Cant of Sedition

With, Folks, have a care of the Steeple.

The Populace this alarms,

They bluster, they bounce, and they vapour;

The Nation's up in Arms,

And the Devil begins to caper.

The Statesmen rail at each other,

And tickle the Mob with a Story;

And make a most damnable Pother

Of National Int'rest and Glory:

Their Hearts they are bitter as Gall,

Tho' their Tongues are sweeter than Honey;

They don't care a Fig for us all,

But only to finger our Money.

If my Friend be an honest Lad,

I never ask his Religion;

Distinctions make us all mad,

And ought to be had in Derision:

They christen us Tories and Whigs,

When the best of them both is an Evil;

But we'll be no Party Prigs,

Let God-fathers go to the Devil.

Too long have they had their Ends,

In setting us one against t'other,

And sowing such Strife among Friends,

That Brother hateth Brother;

But we'll for the future be wise,

Grow sociable, honest and hearty;

We'll all their Arts despise,
And laugh at the Name of a Party.

SONG CXCIX.

OUR *Susan* is pretty,
She's merry and witty,
She has got Sweethearts three;
But such as they are,
I now shall declare
To all this Company.

The first a Monsieur,
With a capering Air,
With a Sword and a smart Toupee;
Be Gar, Madem'felle,
Me love you ver'vell,
Dat all the Varl may see.

Me late come from *Fraunce*,
Me teach you de Daunce,
And de alamode Figure in;
Me show you de Vay
How de bright and de gay
Spend de Time, ven da tink no ting.

The next, a Dear Joy,
A Bogtrotting Boy,
Of the County of *Tipperary*,

of ENGLISH SONGS. 215

With fine borrow'd Clothes,
He inlists among Beaus,
as brisk and as light as a Fairy.

Urre, Joy, do you see,
Teague is coming to thee,
To make Love upon you, I will swear,
I have gotten at Home
(But no House nor Room)
Five Hundred Pounds by the Year.

The last comes from *Wales*,
Which Country ne'er fails
To produce many Gentlemen born;
Tho' their Clothing is rent,
And Money all spent,
To be thought less than Gent. they all scorn.

Hur comes see hur Lahdy,
And cot hursel ready
To court her, and make hur a Jointure
Of one Pound a Year,
In *Glamorganshire*,
Sure her Lahdyship must have a Mind t'hur.

Now whether to chuse,
Or which to refuse,
Our Susan at present can't tell,
But does in her Heart
Wish all three in a Cart
Driven under their passing Bell.

SONG CC.

IDLE Creature!

Form and Feature

Give thy anxious Soul its Pain;

Pretty Faces,

Modish Graces,

O'er thy conquer'd Reason reign.

Slave to Passion,

Fool to Fashion,

Rouse thy Courage to thy Aid;

If, to gain thee,

She disdain thee,

Let her, let her die a Maid.

SONG CCI.

IF a Lover

You'd discover

Jealousy detects his Ways;

If he's roving,

That will prove him,

If he's knowing

The least glowing,

That's the Gale which bids it blaze.



SONG CCH.

IN Love and Life the present use,
One Hour we grant, the next refuse
Who then would risque a day?
Were Lovers wise, they would be kind,
And in our Eyes the Moment find,
For only then they may.

SONG CCIII.

Woman's like the flatt'ring Ocean,
Who her pathless Ways can find?
Ev'ry Blast directs her Motion;
Now she's angry, now she's kind.
What a Fool's the vent'rous Lover,
Whirl'd and toss'd by ev'ry Wind
Can the Bark the Port recover,
When the silly Pilot's blind?

SONG CCIV.

AS Pilgrims thro' Devotion
To some Shrine pursue their Way,
They tempt the raging Ocean,
And thro' Desarts stray:
With Zeal their Hope desiring,
The Saint their Breast inspiring.

118 A COLLECTION

With chearful Air,
Devoid of Fear,
They ev'ry Danger bear.
Thus equal Zeal possessing,
I seek my only Blessing,
O Love, my honest Vow regard?
My Truth protect,
My Steps direct,
His Flight detect,
A faithful Wife reward.

SONG CCV

She. H O W can you be so teasing?
He. Love will excuse my Fault,
How can you be so pleasing?
She. I vow I'll not be naught.
He. All Maids I know at first resist;
A Master may command;
She. You're monstrous rude; I'll not be kiss'd:
Nay, fye, let go my Hand.
He. 'Tis foolish Pride—
She. 'Tis vile, tis base
Poor Innocence to wrong.
He. I'll force you—
She. Guard me from Disgrace!
You find that Virtue's strong.



SONG CCVI.

Crown your Bowls,
 Loyal Souls,
Cesar to his Home returns;
 From the Shore
 Cannons roar,
England smiles, and *Holland* mourns.
 Malecontents in *Mischiefs* failing,
 Changing Notes, now leave off railing;
 Now the *Vipers* hide their Stings.
 Fill, fill then high,
 Proclaim your Joy,
 And now in a Chorus sing,
 Welcome, best of Kings:
 Noble Boy, here's to thee,
 Look on my Glass and me,
 Here's the Way
 We this happy Day
 Make as fam'd as the *Jubilee*.

SONG CCVII.

NEPTUNE frown, and *Boreas* roar,
 Let thy Thunder bellow;
 Noble *Ormond's* now come o'er,
 With each gallant *English* Fellow:
 Then to welcome him a-shore,
 To his Health a Brimmer pour,

Till ev'ry one be mellow,
Rememb'ring *Rodondello*.

Tho' at *Cales* they 'scap'd our Guns,
By strong-wall'd Umbrello;
Civil Jarre and plund'ring Dons,
Curse upon the Metal yellow,
Had the valiant Duke more Men,
He a Victor there had been,
As late at *Rodondello*.

Monsieur and Petit Anjoy,
Plot your State Intrigo:
Take new Marshal *Chateaurenault*,
Then consult with Spanish *Diego*:
And, new Glory to advance,
Sing *Te Deum* thro' all France,
Pour la Victoire at *Vigo*.

We, mean while, to crown our Joy,
Laughing at such Folly,
To their Healths full Bowls employ,
Who've cur'd our Melancholly;
And done more to furnish Tales,
Now at *Vigo*, than at *Cales*
Fam'd *Essex* did, or *Raleigh*.

Great *Eliza* on the Main,
Quell'd the Dons Boastado;
In Queen *Anne's* auspicious Reign,
Valour conquers, not Bravado:

Come but such another Year,
We the spacious Sea shall clear
Of France and Spain's Armado.

Once more then, tho' Boreas roar,
And loud Thunder bellow,
Since great Ormond is come o'er,
With each gallant English Fellow;
Let us welcome all a-shore,
To each Health a Brimmer pour,
Till ev'ry one be mellow,
Rememb'ring Rodondello, &c.

S O N G C C V I I I .

LONG from the Force of Beauty's Charms,
Long have I wander'd free;
Endur'd no Grief, felt no Alarms;
Reserv'd to fall by thee.

In Safety thus from all Essays
The roving Turtle flies,
'Till some unerring Hand conveys
The Shaft by which he dies.

Thou, fair one, thou alone could'st move
This Passion in my Breast;
Thou, thou alone could'st teach me Love;
O! teach me to be blest.

S O N G CCIX.

OF all the Girls in our Town,
 Or black, or yellow, or fair, or brown,
 With their soft Eyes and Faces so bright;
 Give me a Girl that's bright and gay,
 As warm as *June*, and as sweet as *May*,
 With her Heart true and faithful as Light:
 What lovely Couple then could be
 So happy and so blest as we,
 On whom eternal Joys wou'd smile,
 And all the Cares of Life beguile,
 Entranc'd in Bliss each rapturous Night.

S O N G CCX.

BACCHUS one Day gayly striding
 On his never-failing Tun,
 Sneaking empty Pots deriding,
 Thus address'd each toping Son:
 Praise the Joys that never vary,
 And adore the liquid Shrine;
 All things noble, gay and airy
 Are perform'd by gen'rous Wine.

Ancient Heroes, crown'd with Glory,
 Owe their noble Rise to me;
 Poets wrote the flaming Story,
 Fir'd by my Divinity:
 If my Influence is wanting,
 Musick's Charms but slowly move;

of ENGLISH SONGS. 223

Beauty too in vain lies panting,

'Till I fill the Swains with Love.

If you crave a lasting Pleasure,

Mortals, this way bend your Eyes;

From my ever-flowing Treasure,

Charming Scenes of Bliss arise.

Here's the soothing balmy Blessing,

Sole dispeller of your Pain;

Gloomy Souls from Care releasing:

He who drinks not, lives in vain.

S O N G CCXI.

C O M E, Laffie, lend me your braw Hemp
Heckle,

And I'll lend you my Thripling Kame;

For Fainness, Deary, I'll gar ye keckle,

If you'll go dance the Bob of *Dunblane*.

Haste ye, gang to the Ground of your Trunkies,

Busk ye braw, and dinna think Shame;

Consider in Time, if leading of Monkies

Be better than dancing the Bob of *Dunblane*.

Be frank, my Laffie, lest I grow fickle,

And tak my Word and Offer again,

Syne ye may chance to repent it mickle

Ye didna accept of the Bob of *Dunblane*.

The Dinner, the Piper, the Priest shall be ready,
 And I'm grown dowie with lying alane;
 Away then, leave baith Minny and Dady,
 And try with me the Bob of *Dunblane*.

S O N G CCXII.

I Am a jolly Bowler,
 Of the Free-thinking Club,
 And all my Notes are, Fly, fly, fly,
 Rub, rub a Thousand, rub,
And a bowling we will go, &c.

There's ne'er a Set of Bowlers
 So far and near renown'd;
 We twist and skrew, and with Grimace
 We coax the Bowl around,
And a bowling, &c.

We have the finest Bowling-Green,
 There's none can with us vie,
 Tho' void of Mugs, and Pots, and Jugs,
 To drink when we're a-dry,
And a bowling, &c.

The Rudiments and Sciences
 In Bowling may be found,
 For 'tis in vain to think to Bowl
 'Till you first know the Ground,
And a bowling, &c.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 225

From Bowling we may learn too
The Patience of a *JOE*;
For as in Bowling, so in Life,
We bear with many a Rub,
And a bowling, &c.

What Trifles Men contend for,
In Bowling's understood;
Where Mortals sweat, and fret, and vex,
About a piece of Wood,
And a bowling, &c.

The Fickleness of Fortune
In Emblem here is seen;
For often those that touch the Block
Are thrown out of the Green,
And a bowling, &c.

Of Courtiers and of Bowlers
The Fortune is the same?
Each justles t'other out of Place,
And plays a sep'rate Game,
And a bowling, &c.

In Bowling, as in Battle,
The Leader's apt to claim
The Glory to himself,
Tho' the Followers get the Game,
And a bowling, &c.

A Challenge from the best
We value not a *Seraw*;

226 A COLLECTION

Both first and second too must yield,

If we do once but draw,

And a bowling, &c.

The Jack is like a young Coquet,

The Bowl resembles Man ;

They follow wherefoe'er she leads,

As close as e'er they can,

And a bowling, &c.

What tho' they fetch a Compass round,

The Byass draws them in ;

And he that lies the closest to't,

Cock-sure he is to win,

And a bowling, &c.

Alas ! here's one that knocks it off,

And touches to a Hair !

Hold, hold an Inch !—your Tongue, you Dog :—

A Pox ! I can't forbear,

And a bowling, &c.

Here, quickly bring a Reed, Boy,

And measure't out of hand ;

The Case is clear, 'tis lost,

For you cannot make it stand ;

And a bowling, &c.

For tho' in other Gaming

A Blockhead be a Jest,

Yet he that's nearest Blockhead

In Bowling is the best, *And a bowling, &c.*

of ENGLISH SONGS. 117

Then to the Rose———of Bowling
We now have had our Fill;
Let's lay aside our JACK, Boys,
And each Man take his GILL,
And a bowling, &c.

S O N G CCXIII.

Foolish Love, begone, said I,
Vain are thy Attempts on me,
Thy soft Allurements I defy;
Women, those fair Dissemblers, fly;
My Heart's not made for thee.

Love heard, and strait prepar'd a Dart:
Myra, revenge my Cause, said he.
Too sure 't was shot; I feel the Smart,
It rends my Brain, and tears my Heart:
O Love! my Conqu'ror, pity me.

S O N G CCXIV.

Gently hear me, charming Fair,
Ever kind and ever dear,
All my dying Pains remove,
Grieve, smile, and say you love;
On your Bosom let me lay,
Sigh and gaze my Soul away.

Balmy Kisses, powerful Joys,
Such as Death nor Time destroys,

228 A COLLECTION

O my dearest fair one, give,
 So I ever blest shall live;
 More can Gods in Heav'n be?
 Thou alone art Heav'n to me.

S O N G C C X V .

NO more shall Meads be deck'd with Flow'rs,
 Nor Sweetness dwell in rose Bow'rs;
 Nor greenest Buds on Branches spring,
 Nor warbling Birds delight to sing,
 Nor *April* Violets paint the Grove,
 If I forsake my *Calia's* Love.

The Fish shall in the Ocean burn,
 And Fountains sweet shall bitter turn,
 The humble Oak no Flood shall know,
 When Floods shall highest Hills o'erflow;
 Black *Lethe* shall Oblivion leave,
 If e'er my *Calia* I deceive.

Love shall his Bow and Shaft lay by,
 And *Venus'* Doves want Wings to fly,
 The Sun refuse to shew his Light,
 And Day shall then be turn'd to Night,
 And in that Night no Star appear,
 If once I leave my *Calia* dear.

Love shall no more inhabit Earth,
 Nor Lovers more shall love for Worth,

of ENGLISH SONGS. 229

Nor Joy above in Heaven dwell;
Nor Pain torment poor Souls in Hell;
Grim Death no more shall horrid prove,
If e'er I leave bright *Celia's* Love.

SONG CCXVI.

DULL Business, hence, avoid this sacred
Round :

To Mirth and mighty Love let ev'ry Bowl be
crown'd ;

The sparkling Nectar see, it fans the Lover's Fire,
And emulates those Smiles its sprightly Draughts
inspire.

The gen'rous Juice who scorns, and wears a sullen
Brow,

Still let his Mistress frown, and he no Pleasure
know.

To *Chloe's* Name let's consecrate the Glass;
Chloe shall make each Round with livelier Tran-
sport pass :

What tho' the Brain should rock, and swimming
Eyes should roll !

Love, mighty Love, does more ; intoxicates the
Soul ;

Then, like true Sons of Joy, let's laugh at the Pro-
cise :

When Wisdom grows austere, 'tis Folly to be wise.

230 A COLLECTION

This 'tis to live; thus Time is nobly lost:
 To drink, and love, is all dull Man from Life can
 boast.
 Thou Fiend Reflection, hence! Mirth shall not be
 ally'd,
 Tho' less'ning Tapers waste, and the pale Stars
 should fade:
 No matter when the Moon, or brighter *Phœbus* rise;
 The Morn's in *Chloe's* Cheek, and *Phœbus* in her
 Eyes.

S O N G CCXVII.

FROM good Liquor ne'er shrink,
 In Friendship we'll drink,
 And drown all grim Care and pale Sorrow:
 Let us husband to Day,
 For Time flies swift away,
 And no one's assur'd of to Morrow.
 Of all the gave Sages
 That grac'd the past Ages,
 Dad *Noah* the most did excel;
 He first planted the Vine,
 First tasted the Wine,
 And got nobly drunk, as they tell.
 Say, why should not we
 Get as bosky as he,
 Since here's Liquor as well will inspire?
 Then fill up my Glass,
 I'll see that it pass
 To the *Manes* of that good old Sire.

S O N G. CCXVIII.

FILL the Glass, fill, fill, fill the Glass,
 Let Hautboys sound, whilst bright *Celinda's*
 Bright *Celinda's* Health goes round,
 Fill the Glass, fill, fill, fill the Glass,
 Let Hautboys sound, whilst bright *Celinda's*,
 Bright *Celinda's* Health goes round.

With eternal Beauty blest, ever blooming,
 Ever blooming, still be blest :
 Drink your Glass, drink your Glass,
 Drink your Glass, and think,
 Think, think the rest ;
 Drink your Glass, and think,
 Think, think the rest.

S O N G. CCXIX.

WHAT if *Betty* grows old,
 And her Features decay !
 She's young while she drinks,
 'Tis the Grape makes her gay.

See how her Eyes shine,
 They sparkle with Drink,
 Such a Lustre has Wine,
 They never can sink.

Let the Fops doat on Faces,
 Her Soul's my Delight,
 She can't want for Graces
 Who ripples all Night.

Long Marcher o'er Furrows,
 No Place can her find,
 In spite of Camp Sorrows
 Poor *Betty* will be kind.

Boy, fill up our Glasses,
 Not a Wrinkle will stand;
 They're Fools who use Washes,
 When Claret's at Hand.

SONG CCXX.

HERE's a Health to those Men
 That go with us again
 To chase Knights that can afford, Sir,
 To serve without Pension,
 Or other Pretention;
 But just and right is the Word, Sir.

As for those that have Pay,
 We have little to say;
 Let the Soldier live by his Sword, Sir:
 We're for them that are known
 To have Lands of their own,
 And just and right is the Word, Sir.

Shou'd we chuse the Court Tools,
They will call us all Fools,
Tho' a double Saint and a Lord, Sir;
We are sure we can trust
To the Right and the Just,
For just and right is the Word, Sir.

Then take off your Glafs fair,
To do otherwise here
Is unjust, against Right, and absurd, Sir;
He that leaves but three Drops
Shall have them thrown in's Chops,
For just and right is the Word, Sir.

SONG CCXXI.

TRansporting are the solid Joys
Which faithful Love bestows;
All other Pleasures are but Toys,
Which yield to faint Repose:
Thus when I spy
My Charmer nigh,
My tender Glances prove,
That not a part
Of this fond Heart
But teems all o'er with Love.



SONG CCXXII.

DO but view my charming *Pbilly*,
What with her wou'd you compare?
Fairer than the Poet's Lily,
Sweeter than the Morning Air.

Happy he who can be near thee,
And sighs from his Soul for thee;
And thrice happy if he hears thee,
And more, if he hears like me.

And if a kinder Look be given,
If she's tender as she's fair,
Can the Gods, with all their Heaven,
In their Bliss with him compare?

When I see the lovely Charmer,
I do feel a subtle Flame,
Which from Vein to Vein flies warmer,
And does kindle all my Frame.

And, as the fierce Transport seizes
On my Heart, and all my Mind,
My Tongue is dumb, and my Speech is
Quite lost, and no Voice I find.

I burn, I freeze, I am expiring;
Pleasure in my Soul is spread;
I sigh, I tremble, much desiring,
And am unto Reason dead.

SONG CCXXIII.

TO all you Fops of Court and Town,
From *Hampshire* we indite;
And tho' you think a Country Clown
Can neither read nor write:
Yet by these Lines we'd have ye know,
We are, at least, as wise as you,
With a fal, la, la.

Before the Sun is up, we rise,
And bow to Heaven's Pow'r,
We view the Meadows, Hills and Skies,
And Nature all adore:
You laugh at this, and think it more
To call at Ten at *W——le's* Door,
With a fal, la, la.

The Cry of Hounds, more chearful Noise
Than *Senefino's* Airs,
Gives to our Hearts more real Joys,
He tickles but your Ears;
We have the Hare or Fox in Chace;
You hunt a Whore, or else a Place,
With a fal, la, la.

SONG CCXXIV.

AL L Attendance apart,
I examin'd my Heart
Last Night, when I laid me to rest;

236 A COLLECTION

And methinks I'm inclin'd
To a Change of my Mind,
For you know second Thoughts are the best.

To retire from the Croud,
And make ourselves good,
By avoiding ev'ry Temptation,
Is, in truth, to reveal
What we'd better conceal,
That our Passions want some Regulation,

It will much more redound
To our Praise, to be found,
In a World so abounding with Evil,
Unspotted and pure,
Tho' not so demure,
As to wage open War with the Devil.

So, bidding farewell
To my Thoughts of a Cell,
I'll prepare for this militant Life,
And, if brought to Distress,
My Man I'll confess,
And do Penance in Shape of a Wife.

SONG CCXXV.

BY the Side of a great Kitchen Fire,
A Scullion so hungry was laid;
A Pudding was all his Desire,
A Kettle supported his Head.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 237

The Hogs that were fed by the House,
To his Sighs with a Grunt did reply;
And a Gutter that car'd not a Loue,
Ran mournfully muddily by.

But when it was set in a Dish,
Thus sadly complaining he cry'd,
My Mouth it does water and wish,
I think it had better been fry'd.

The Butter around it was spread,
'Twas as great as a Prince in his Chair;
Oh! could I but eat it, he said,
The Proof of the Pudding lies there.

How foolish was I to believe,
It was made for so homely a Clown?
Or that it would have a Reprieve
From the dainty fine Folks of the Town!
Cou'd I think that a Pudding so fine
Cou'd ever uneaten remove?
We labour that others may dine,
And live in a Kitchen on Love.

What tho' at the Fire I have wrought,
Where Puddings do boil and do fry;
Tho' part of it hither be brought,
And none of it ever set by;
Ah! Collin, thou must not be first,
Thy Knife and thy Platter resign;
There's Marg'ret will eat 'till she burst,
And her Turn is sooner than thine.

And you my Companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me so pale,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear at a Pudding to rail.
Tho' thro' all the Rooms I should rove,
'Tis in vain from my Fortune to go;
'Tis its Fate to be often above,
'Tis mine still to want it below.

If while my hard Fate I sustain,
In your Breast any Pity be found,
Ye Servants that early do dine,
Come see how I lie on the Ground;
Then hang up a Pan and a Pot,
And sorrow to see how I dwell,
And say, when you grieve at my Lot,
Poor *Collin* lov'd Pudding too well.

Then back to your Meat you may go,
Which you set in your Dishes so prim,
Where Sauce in the middle does flow,
And Flowers are strew'd on the Brim:
Whilst *Collin*, forgotten and gone,
By the Hedges shall dismally rove,
Unless, when he sees the round Moon,
He thinks on a Pudding above.



SONG CCXXVI. 3

LIKE a wandering Ghost I appear,
All silent, neglected, and sad;
Tormented by Hopes and Despair,
I sigh when all others are glad.
No Joys in this Town can I find,
The Lily's a Desert to me;
I scarce should regret being blind
To all other Objects but thee.

In the Fields as I saunter along,
I look but for thee in my Way;
And if from my Sight thou art gone,
I mourn all the rest of the Day.
Or if that by Chance thou art there,
I shun ev'ry Mortal I meet;
Nor relish the Walk nor the Air,
Thou only can render them sweet.

Oh! Nancy, whilst thus I complain,
Does your Heart never flutter nor beat?
Nor have you no Sense of my Pain,
Whilst the Torment I bear is so great?
Must these wandering Eyes always rove,
On every new Object you see?
Or must you reward my true Love,
And fix them at last upon me?

SONG CCXXVII.

TH E Spring, the pleasant Spring is blown,
 Let us leave the smoky Town;
 From the Mall, and from the Ring,
 Ev'ry one has taken Wing;
Chloe, Strephon, Corydon,
 All are fled, and all are gone.
 What is left you worth your Stay?
 Come, *Aurelia*, come away.

Come, *Aurelia*, come and see
 What a Seat I have for thee;
 But the Seat you cannot see,
 'Tis so hid with *Jessamy*,
 With the Vine that o'er the Walls,
 And in ev'ry Window crawls;
 So that I think you'd pause an Hour
 Whether 'twere an House or Bow'r;
 Let us there be blithe and gay!
 Come, *Aurelia*, come away.

Come with all thy sweetest Wiles,
 With thy Graces and thy Smiles;
 Come, and we will merry be;
 Who shall be so blest as we?
 We will frolick all the Day;
 Ay, we will be wondrous gay,
 Harming no one in our Play;
 No matter what the People say;
 Come, *Aurelia*, come away.

S O N G C C X X V I I I .

O Jeany, Jeany, where has thou been,
 Father and Mother are seeking of thee:
 Ye have been ranting, playing the Wanton,
 Keeping of Jocky Company,
 O Betty, I've been to brar the Mill slack,
 Getting Meal ground for the Familie,
 As fu' as it gade I brang hame the Sack,
 For the Miller has taken nae Mowter frae me.

Ha! Jeany, Jeany, there's Meal on your Back,
 The Miller's a wanton Billy, and see;
 Tho' Viſtual's come hame again hale, what reck
 I fear he has taken his Mowter off thee.
 And Betty, ye spread your Linnen to bleech,
 When that was done, where cou'd you be?
 Ha! Laff, I saw ye ſlip down the Hedge,
 And wanton Willy was following thee.

Ay, Jeany, Jeany, ye gade to the Kirk,
 But when it skail'd where cou'd thou be?
 Ye came nae hame till it was mirk,
 They ſay the kiſſing Clerk came wi' ye:
 O ſilly Laffie, what will thou do?
 If thou grow great, they'll heez thee hie.
 Look to your ſell, if Jock prove true:
 The Clerk frae Creepies will keep me free.

SONG CXXXIX.

I Am a Jolly Toper,
I am a ragged *Soph*,
Known by the Pimples in my Face,
With taking Bumpers off.
And a toping we will go, &c.

Come let's sit down together,
And take our Fill of Beer,
Away with all Disputes,
For we'll have no wrangling here,
And a toping, &c.

With Clouds of Tobacco
We'll make our Noddles clear,
We'll be as great as Princes
When our Heads are full of Beer,
And a toping, &c.

With Jugs, Mugs, and Pitchers,
And Bellarmine of Stale,
Dash'd lightly with a little,
A very little Ale,
And a toping, &c.

A Fig for the *Spaniards*,
And for the King of France;
And Heav'n preserve our Jugs and Mugs,
And Q——n from all Mischance,
And a toping, &c.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 243

Against the Presbyterians

Pray give me leave to rail,
Who ne'er had thirsted for King's Blood,
Had they been drunk with Stale,
And a toping, &c.

And against the Low-Church Saints,

Who slyly play their Parts,
Who rail at the Dissenters,
Yet love 'em in their Hearts,
And a toping, &c.

Here's a Health to the Queen,

Let's Bumpers take in Hand,
And may Prince G—— Roger
Grow stiff again, and stand,
And a toping, &c.

Oh! how we tofs about

The never-failing Cann,
We drink and piss, and piss and drink,
And drink to piss again,
And a toping, &c.

O that my Belly

It were a Tun of Stale,
My Cock were turn'd into a Tap
To run when I did call,
And a toping, &c.

Of all sorts of Topers,

A *Soph* is far the best;

'Till he can neither go nor stand

By *Jove*, he's ne'er at rest,

And a toping, &c.

We fear no Wind or Weather,

When good Liquor dwells within,

And since a *Soph* does live so well,

Then who would be a King?

And a toping, &c.

Then dead drunk we'll march, Boys,

And reel into our Tombs,

That jollier *Sophs*, (if such there be)

May come and take our Rooms,

And a toping, &c.

S O N G CCXXX.

LET the daring Advent'urers, be toss'd on the
Main,

And for Riches no Danger decline;

Tho' with Hazzard the Spoils of both *Indies* they
gain,

They can bring us no Treasure like Wine:

Tho' with Hazard, &c.

Enough of such Wealth would a Beggar enrich,

And supply great Wants in a King :

of ENGLISH SONGS. 245

'Twould smoothe off a Glas in a comfortless Wretch;
And inspire weeping Captives to sing:
'Twould smoothe, &c.

There's none that groans under a burthensome
Life,

If this sovereign Balsam he gains,
This will make a Man bear all the Plagues of a
Wife,

And of Rags and Diseases in Chains:
This will make, &c.

It swells all his Veins with a kind purple Flood,
And puts Love and great Thoughts in the Mind;
There's no Peasant so rank, but it fills with good
Blood,

And to Gallantry makes him inclin'd:
There's no Peasant, &c.

There's nothing our Hearts with such Joy can
bewitch,

For on Earth 'tis a Pow'r that's divine;
Without it we're wretched, tho' never so rich;
Nor is any Man poor that has Wine:
Without it, &c.



SONG CCXXXI.

TROY had a Breed of brave stout Men,
 Yet Greece made shift to rout her,
 'Cause each Man drank as much as Ten,
 And thence grew ten times stouter:
 Tho' Hector was a Trojan true
 As ever pisht 'gainst Wall, Sir,
 Achilles bang'd him black and blue,
 For he drank more than all, Sir.

Let Bacchus be our God of War,
 We shall fear nothing then, Boys;
 We'll drink all dead, and lay 'em to Bed,
 And, if they wake not conquered,
 We'll drink them dead again, Boys:
 Nor were the Grecians only fam'd
 For Drinking and for Fighting;
 For he that drank, and wan't alham'd,
 Was ne'er alham'd o's Writing.

He that will be a Soldier then,
 Or Wit, must drink good Liquor,
 It makes base Cowards fight like Men,
 And roving Thoughts fly quicker:
 Let Bacchus be both God of War,
 And God of Wit, and then, Boys;
 We'll drink and fight, and drink and write,
 And if the Sun set with his Light,
 We'll drink him up again, Boys.

SONG CCXXXII.

NOW I'm resolv'd to love no more,
 But sleep by Night, and drink by Day;
 Your Coyneſs, *Chloris*, pray give o'er,
 And turn your tempting Eyes away:
 I'll place no Happineſs of mine
 On fading Beauty, ſtill to court,
 And ſay ſhe's glorious and divine,
 When there's in Drinking better Sport.

Love has no more Prerogative
 To make me deſp'rate Courſes take,
 Nor me of *Bacchus*' Joys deprive;
 For them I *Venus* will forſake;
 Deſpiſe the feeble Nets ſhe lays,
 And ſcorn the Man ſhe can o'ercome;
 In Drinking we ſee happy Days,
 But in a fruitleſs Paſſion none.

'Tis Wine alone that cheers the Soul,
 But Love and Women make us ſad;
 I'm merry while I court the Bowl,
 Whiſt he that courts his Madam's mad.
 Then fill it up, Boys, to the Brim,
 Since in it we Reſreſhment find;
 Come here's a Bumper unto him
 That courts good Wine, not Womankind.



S O N G C C X X X I I I .

W Here a fair Mead
 It's Verdure spread,
Damon, a Swain, did *Calia* wooe;
 Never was seen
 On Mead or Green
 A Nymph more fair, or Swain more true.

In humble Strain
 He told his Pain,
 And su'd as faithful Lovers sue;
 The humbler he,
 The loftier she;
 For she was fair, and he was true.

Beauty, he cry'd,
 Is short-liv'd Pride,
 The Wonder of a Year or two;
 In vain he tries
 To moralize;
 She still is fair, and he is true.

The Muse's Aid
 He gently pray'd,
 What may not Love and Verse subdue?
 Nor Verse nor Love
 Her Heart can move;
 She still is fair, and he is true.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 249

The Pink, the Rose,

For her he chose,

Narcissus white, and Violet blue;

Unheeded lie

Their Sweets, and die,

For she was fair, and he was true.

Be thine, he said,

As nigh they play'd,

These my twin Lambkins, with their Ewe;

She look'd, that Look

Her Meaning spoke;

For she was fair, and he was true.

Must no Regard

His Love reward?

To Constancy is nothing due?

Nor Thought nor Care,

Be she but fair,

Has *Calia*, be he false or true.

With silent Tide

The Years they glide,

Thy Glories, *Calia*, now are few;

When those are past,

His Love shall last;

And shall not he be counted true?

When they're decay'd,

The Ruins made

He with a tender Eye shall view;

With gen'rous Eye
That Loss supply,
And shall not he be counted true?

What once thou wert
His faithful Heart
In blooming Likeness shall renew;
He still shall there
Record you fair;
And shall not he be counted true?

When in his Breast
Thy Charms exprest
Shall still their Virgin Lustre shew,
Know, *Calia*, know
To whom you owe
Those Charms, and own that he is true.

SONG CCXXXIV.

WHilst Discord and Envy
In mighty Kingdoms dwell,
The Beggar lives at Ease
Within his humble Cell.
And a begging we will go, &c.

No Taxes oppress us,
Nor Honours wreck our Brain,
State Maxims ne'er perplex us,
Nor Parties give us Pain.
And a begging, &c.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 251

Exempt from all Duty,

By Land or yet by Sea,

We hope not to command,

Nor care much to obey.

And a begging, &c.

Whatever we get

We seldom keep in Store,

We spend it all to day —

To morrow beg for more.

And a begging, &c.

Our Lasses in common

We ev'ry one possess;

Marriage is a Priestcraft

Which makes Enjoyment less.

And a begging, &c.

We live as we list,

And skulk beneath the Laws,

For none but a Beggar

Should judge a Beggar's Cause.

And a begging, &c.

Contented when Death

Thro' Age approaches nigh;

In Pleasure thus we live,

And with Pleasure thus we die.

And a begging, &c.

SONG CCXXXV.

SWEET, lovely, chaste,
 Ye Lilies haste,
 That in the Vallies breathe;
 To *Phillis* haste,
 Sweet, lovely, chaste,
 For *Phillis* twine the Wreath.

Ye Roses, come,
 With Virgin Bloom,
 The Pride of Gardens own'd,
 That from your Bed
 Diffusive shed
 Ambrosial Odours round.

Ye Violets too,
 In Fields that grow,
 And drink the vernal Dew,
 Then dash the Woods,
 The Meads, the Floods
 With Drops of purple Hue.

And all ye Flow'rs
 Whose wilder Stores
 O'er Nature's Face are seen,
 Whose various Dyes
 Promiscuous rise,
 And paint th' enamel'd Green.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 253

Come Herbs, all ye
That tempt the Bee
From Leaf to Leaf to roam,
Whose balmy Veins
Reward her Pains,
And send her loaded home.

All, all be join'd,
Of every kind,
Flow'rs, Herbs, the sweet, the gay,
Twist Arm in Arm,
Weave Charm with Charm,
To *Phyllis* haste away.

Come and invest
Her snowy Breast,
Come bind her flowing Hair;
Like *Flora's* Dress
Be *Phyllis's*;
Like *Flora* she is fair.

But little 'drest
Whate'er ye Flow'rs,
Whate'er ye Herbs can give;
Nor shall your Aid
Long grace the Maid,
Nor have you long to live.

A little while
Your Glories smile,

A little, little reign;
The Sun that warms
Your op'ning Charms
Oft sees them close again.

Or if they stay
Another Day,
And yet another Sun,
Then comes a Blaze
Of fiercer Rays;
They wither, and are gone.

A Year consumes,
Another comes,
And then a new takes Place;
Another new
Shall then ensue,
Another new to pass.

But all the while
Her Beauties smile,
And tempt the Lover's Care:
A Year consumes,
Another comes,
And *Phyllis* still is fair.

To all, one Date
Assigns not Fate,
As plain, too plain appears;
Your Glories live
Days four or five,
Others as many Years.

Yet, gentlest Race,
Your fleeting *Grate*
To blooming *Phillis* lend,
And as you fade,
Remind the Maid,
That Years, like Days, must end.

SONG CCXXXVI.

O Were *Thursday* but come,
How I'd run from my Room,
And throw off my Gown and my Cap!
To *Abingdon* go,
As spruce as a Beau,
To dance with my fair *Fanny Knapp*.
Let other Men strol,
From hence to the Pole,
And travel all over the Map,
I'm sure they'll ne'er find,
Among Womankind,
One so lovely as fair *Fanny Knapp*.
Had I Genius and Fire,
Such as erst did inspire
The Bosoms of *Blackmore* and *Trapp*,
Oh! how like any thing
Would I carrol and sing
The Praises of fair *Fanny Knapp*.

Not gay *Wilks's* Heart,
 When he tops *Wildair's* Part,
 Receives so much Joy from a Clap,
 As I, could Gold Finches,
 And a Man of my Inches
 Commend me to fair *Fanny Knapp*.

Let the Sot boast his Pleasure,
 Who drinks beyond measure,
 And sits the long Day at the Tap;
 He's not half so happy,
 Tho' drown'd in his Nappy,
 As I with my fair *Fanny Knapp*.

As you often have seen
 A Faggot, when green,
 In the Fire boiling over with Sap,
 So my foolish fond Heart
 Ferments in each Part,
 While inflam'd by my fair *Fanny Knapp*.

Not a Baby in Town,
 When Nurse-Maid is gone,
 So whimpers and cries for his Pap,
 As I, when away
 The least Part of a Day,
 Lament for my fair *Fanny Knapp*.

When Duns at my Door,
 At least half a Score,
 Successively ply the loud Rapp,

of ENGLISH SONGS. 257

I bid 'em away;
For what can he pay,
That's undone by his fair **Fanny Knapp**?

The Cobler in's Hole
Waxes sad to the Soul,
If he chances to lose but his Strap;
Alas! so I shall
Lose my End and my All,
If at last I lose fair **Fanny Knapp**.

The Butcher his Meat,
That we sweetly may eat,
From Fly-blows defends with a Flap;
So I'd have you to know
I'll butcher that Beau
That dares fly-blow my fair **Fanny Knapp**.

Some, inflam'd with Desire
Of sweet Figs in the Fire,
Burn boldly at fam'd **Dragon-Snap**,
More vent'rous am I,
Thro' the Flames of her Eye
To catch at my fair **Fanny Knapp**.

I saw, t'other Day,
And envy'd poor **Tray**,
When she threw from her Table a Scrap;
I'll be hang'd for a Rogue,
If I'd not be a Dog,
To be fed by my fair **Fanny Knapp**.

Were she once set to Sale,
 As her Charms cou'd not fail
 To bring her in many a Chap,
 I'd defy any Pow'r,
 Less than Jove and his Show'r
 To out-bid me for fair *Fanny Knapp*.

Tho' of all things I hate
 To be damnably beat,
 Yet methinks I could bear a good Slap,
 Were the Bargain but this,
 To be heal'd by a Kiss
 From the Lips of my fair *Fanny Knapp*.

Hark, officious bright Sun,
 When this Stage you have run,
 And retire to your *Thetis's* Lap,
 To Eternity stay,
 We can never want Day,
 While enlight'ned by fair *Fanny Knapp*.

Poor *Swift*, on a time,
 At a Loss for a Rhime,
 Was supply'd by a very good Hap;
 Let him now, by his Skill,
 Or the Help of his De'el,
 Find another for fair *Fanny Knapp*.

P O S T S C R I P T.

My Muse ran so fast,
 She had like, in her Haste,
 To have left in my Sonnet a Gap;

Tho' I doubt not the Dean,
If This _____ he had seen,
He'd have stopp'd it for fair *Fanny Knapp*.

S O N G CCXXXVII.

SOME say Women are like the Seas,
Some the Waves, and some the Rocks,
Some the Rose that soon decays,
Some the Weather, some the Cocks;
But if you'll give me leave to tell,
There's nothing can be compar'd so well
As Wine, Wine, Women and Wine, they run in a
Parallel, they run in a Parallel.

Women are Witches when they will,
So is Wine, so is Wine;
They make the Statesman lose his Skill,
The Soldier, Lawyer, and Divine;
They put a Gig in the gravest Skull,
And send their Wits to gather Wooll:
'Tis Wine, &c.

What is't that makes your Visage so pale?
What is't makes your Looks divine?
What is't that makes your Courage to fail,
Is it not Women? is it not Wine?
'Tis Wine will make you sick when you're well;
'Tis Women that make your Forehead to swell;
'Tis Wine, Wine, &c.

SONG CCXXXVIII.

IF ever Charms did *Laura* move,
Or Beauty ever show
A worthy Triumph of her Love,
It surely must be now.

Yet turn, O turn those radiant Eyes!
View not th' ecstatic Joy;
Believe me, fair one, Beauty may
Its beauteous self destroy;

As once *Narcissus* fondly view'd
A Form of lesser Pow'r
In the clear Bosom of a Flood,
And languish'd to a Flow'r.

If then, upon his Form to gaze,
Did force himself to pine,
What must it be to view a Face
So lovely fair as thine?

Yet as the Charms you justly boast,
May well increase Desire,
Let not a With or Thought be lost,
But still, O still admire!

And if, as coy *Narcissus* pin'd,
Your Form a Change receives,
May I change too to some soft Wind,
And breathe amidst the Leaves.

SONG CCXXXIX.

SEE where the fair *Cassandra* lies,
Upon yon purple Vi'let Bed,
Where blushing Roses kiss her Eyes,
And bowing Laurels crown her Head.

What Odours now can ye disclose?
Ye fading Flow'rs, what beauteous Hue?
Where is the Fragrance of the Rose?
And where the Vi'let's purple Blue?

O Lily! fairest Flow'r, and best,
Where is thy Virgin Whiteness now?
Can'st thou encounter with her Breast,
That lovely Breast, more white than Snow?

Her Cheek out-does the Rose's Red,
The Vi'let's Blue, her lively Eye;
When she is near, ye all must fade,
And lowly bow your Heads and die.

For see, above the radiant Sun,
That very Sun which makes ye fair,
Shrinks in a Cloud to be out-don,
And blushes at the Sight of her.

But ah! the Time will swiftly glide,
And all her bright, her heav'nly Pow'r,
Shall languish like this Summer's Pride,
And that fair Face shall charm no more.

Go, sweetest Breeze, and whisper this,
 With Caution, to *Cassandra's* Ear;
 Then steal a soft, a balmy Kiss,
 And gently tell her what I bear.

Tell her that Love does court her Prime,
 A Love sincere, by Heav'n! I vow;
 Again remind her of her Time,
 And let her kindly bless me now.

S O N G CCXL.

THE Night was in her sable Shroud,
 No silver Stars were seen,
 Wrapt in a cold and wintry Cloud,
 'Midst bleaky Show'rs of Rain.

Unfaithful *Edward's* treach'rous Step
 To *Susan's* Dwelling came;
 Long he pretended to have su'd,
 And lov'd the gentle Dame.

His Ent'rance at this fatal Hour
 The Innocent allow'd;
 Ungrateful *Edward* silent smil'd,
 Then kiss'd her Lips and bow'd.

With am'rous Toy he first began,
 Her snowy Bosom prest,
 Vow'd that he lov'd her more than Life,
 And begg'd he might be blest.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 263

But she in Honour's strictest Rule
Had train'd her gentle Mind;
Is this your Love to me? she said,
Ungrateful and unkind!

In dreadful Rage of hated Lust,
Her purple Blood to spill,
Hedrew his Sword, and swore she dy'd,
If she refus'd his Will.

With trembling Fear she sigh'd, and thought
Each Moment to be slain;
Help, help, Oh! help, for Heaven's sake!
She cry'd, but cry'd in vain.

Whole Floods of Tears, like silver Dew
From off the Lily's Head,
Fell down her white and pearly Neck,
Unhappy, lovely Maid!

The Thoughts of losing all her Charms,
That they must turn to Clay;
To think of dying when so young,
Induc'd her to obey.

Her bleeding Heart did oft misgive,
She pray'd, she wept and sigh'd;
But when her precious Jewel lost,
Much better had she dy'd.

The faithless Wretch now flies her Charms,
Those very Charms he swore

To nourish with his utmost Care,
He now regards no more.

Her Bed she waters with her Tears,
And beats her panting Breast;
Her Hand supports her drooping Head,
But she can find no Rest.

At length the ruddy Morning rose,
She blush'd to see the Day,
And curs'd the Night, that fatal Night
In which she did obey.

The Guilt, which Guilt was not her own,
So black was in her Eye,
That, tho' at Death she started first,
She now resolv'd to die.

A pois'nous Drug, Oh mournful Tale!
Within a silver Bowl
She mix'd—then sipp'd the deadly Juice,
And breath'd away her Soul.

The Scarlet of her Lips grows pale,
Her Eyes no Lustre boast;
Soft Musick dies upon her Tongue,
And all her Charms are lost.

Now, Edward, think what thou hast done,
Repent ere 'tis too late;
Or at the dreadful Day of Doom
Expect thy wretched Fate,

SONG CCXLI. 2

PALE Faces, stand by,
And our bright ones adore;
We look like our Wine,
You worse than our Score.

Come, light up your Pimples,
All Art we out-shine,
When the plump God doth paint,
Each Streak is divine.

Clean Glasses are Pencils,
Old Claret is Oil,
He that sits for his Picture
Must sit a good while.

SONG CCXLII.

WINE's a Mistress gay and easy,
Ever free to give Delight;

Let what may perplex and teaze ye,

'Tis the Bottle sets all right.

Who wou'd leave a lasting Treasure

To embrace a childish Pleasure,

Which soon as tasted takes its Flight?

Pierce the Cask of gen'rous Claret,

Rouze your Hearts, ere 'tis too late;

Fill the Goblet, never spare it,

That's your Armour 'gainst all Fate.

A a

SONG CXXLIII.

Importunate Love be gone,
 My Heart you no more shall have,
 With Freedom and Ease
 My Senses I'll please,
 And never be more thy Slave.

With whining and pining
A Lover must shew his Art,
 Professing
 No Blessing
 Like gaining the fair one's Heart;
 Which once in possessing,
 Like others confessing,
 He soon will be ready to part.

But he that the Grape is careffing,
 Will always find a true Blessing;
 For that never cloyes,
 But ripens his Joys,
 And makes him look frolick and gay:
 Then fill up your Glafs,
 And round let it pass,
 And thus to the God you will say:

Importunate Love, be gone,
 Thy Quiver is now in vain,
 With Freedom and Ease
 My Senses I'll please,
 And ne'er be in Love again.

S O N G CCXLIV.

W Arn'd and made wise by others Flame,
I fled from whence such Mischiefs came,
Shunning the Sex that kills at Sight,
I sought my Safety in my Flight.

But ah! in vain from Fate we flye,
For, first or last, as all must dye,
So 'tis as much decreed above,
That, first or last, we all must love.

My Heart, that stood so long the Shock
Of Winds and Waves, like some firm Rock,
By one bright Spark, from Myra thrown,
Is into Flame, like Powder, blown.

S O N G CCXLV.

I'LL tell her the next time, said I;
In vain, in vain, for when I try,
Upon my timorous Tongue the trembling Accents
die.

Alas! a thousand, thousand Fears
Still over-awe when she appears,
My Breath is spent in Sighs, my Eyes are drown'd
in Tears.



S O N G CCXLVI.

THAT all Men are Beggars, you plainly may
see,

For Beggars there are of ev'ry Degree,
Tho' none are so blest, or so happy as we.

Which no body can deny.

The Tradesman he begs that his Wares you wou'd
buy,

Then begs you'd believe the Price is not high,
And swears 'tis his Trade, when he tells you a Lye.

Which no body can deny.

The Lawyer he begs you wou'd give him a Fee,
Tho' he reads not your Brief, and regards not your
Plea;

Then advises your Foe how to get a Decree.

Which no body can deny.

The Courtier he begs for a Pension, a Place,
A Ribbon, a Title, a Smile from his Grace,
'Tis due to his Merit is writ in his Face.

Which no body shou'd deny.

But if, by Mishap, he should chance to get none,
He begs you'd believe that the Nation's undone,
There's but one honest Man—and himself is that
one.

Which no body dares deny.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 269

The fair one who labours whole Mornings at home,
New Charms to create, and much Paint to consume,
Yet begs you'd believe 'tis her natural Bloom.

Which no body shou'd deny.

The Lover he begs the dear Nymph to comply,
She begs he'd be gone, but her languishing Eye
Still begs he wou'd stay—for a Maid she can't dye.

Which none but a Fool wou'd deny.

SONG CCXLVII.

1 Man. I Once was a Poet at London,
I kept my Heart still full of Glee;
There's no Man can say that I'm undone,
For Begging's no new Trade to me.
Tol derol, &c.

2 Man. I once was an Attorney at Law,
And after, a Knight of the Post;
Give me a briak Wench in clean Straw;
And I value not who rules the Roast.
Tol derol, &c.

3 Man. Make Room for a Soldier in Buff,
Who valiantly strutted about,
'Till he fancy'd the Peace breaking off,
And then he most wisely—sold out.
Tol derol, &c.

4 *Man.* Here comes a Courtier polite, Sir,
 Who flatter'd my Lord to his Face;
 Now Railing is all his Delight, Sir;
 Because he mis'd getting a Place.
Tol derol, &c.

5 *Man.* I still am a merry Gut-Scraper,
 My Heart never yet felt a Qualm;
 Tho' poor, I can frolick and vapour,
 And sing any Tune but a Psalm.
Tol derol, &c.

6 *Man.* I was a fanatical Preacher,
 I turn'd up my Eyes when I pray'd;
 But my Hearers half starved their Teachers,
 For they believ'd not one Word that
 I said. *Tol derol, &c.*

1 *Man.* Whoe'er wou'd be merry and free,
 Let him list, and from us he may learn;
 In Palaces who shall you see
 Half so happy as we in a Barn?
Tol derol, &c.

CHORUS of all.

Whoe'er wou'd be merry and free,
 Let him list, and from us he may learn;
 In Palaces who shall you see
 Half so happy as we in a Barn?
Tol derol, &c.

S O N G CCXLVIII.

AT dead of Night, when wrapt in Sleep
The peaceful Cottage lay,
Pastora left her folded Sheep,
Her Garland, Crook and useless Scrip;
Love led the Nymph astray.

Loose and undrest she takes her Flight
To a near Myrtle Shade;
The conscious Moon gave all her Light,
To bless her ravish'd Lover's Sight,
And guide the lovely Maid.

His eager Arms the Nymph embrace,
And, to assuage his Pain,
His restless Passion he obeys;
At such an Hour, in such a Place,
What Lover could contain?

In vain she call'd the conscious Moon,
The Moon no Succour gave;
The cruel Stars unmov'd look'd on,
And seem'd to smile at what was done,
Nor would her Honour save.

Vanquish'd at last by pow'rful Love,
The Nymph expiring Lay,
No more she sigh'd, no more she strove,
Since no kind Stars were found above,
She blush'd and dy'd away.

Yet blest the Grove her conscious Flight,
 And Youth that did betray;
 And panting, dying with Delight,
 She blest the kind transporting Night,
 And curst approaching Day.

S O N G CCXLIX.

Fortune is blind,
 And Beauty unkind,
 The Devil take 'em both;
 One is a Witch,
 And t'other a Bitch,
 In neither's Faith or Troth:
 There's Hazard in Hap,
 Deceit in a Lap,
 But no Fraud in a Brimmer;
 If Truth in the Bottom lie,
 Thence to redeem her,
 We'll drein the whole Ocean dry.

Honour's a Toy,
 For Fools a Decoy,
 Beset with Care and Fear;
 And that (I wufs)
 Kills many a Puss
 Before her climact Year:
 But Freedom and Mirth
 Create a new Birth,
 While Sack's the *Aqua Vita*,
 That Vigour and Spirit gives,

Liquor Almighty!

Whereby poor Mortal lives.

Let us be blithe,

In spite of Death's Scythe,

And with an Heart and half

Drink to our Friends,

And think of no Ends,

But keep us sound and safe:

While Healths go round,

No Malady's found;

The Maw sick in the Morning,

For want of its wonted Strain,

Is as a Warning

To double it over again.

Let us maintain

Our Traffique with *Spain*,

And both the *Indies* flight;

Give us their Wines,

Let 'em keep their Mines,

We'll pardon Eighty Eight.

There's more certain Wealth

Secur'd from Stealth

In one Pipe of Canary,

Than in an unfortunate Isle:

Let us be wary

We do not ourselves beguile.



SONG CCL.

Cease, cease your Mourning, lovely Maid!
 Nor shade those bright enlivening Eyes;
 Oh! spare your Tears for him who's dead,
 And kindly pity him who dies.

Your *Damon* I indeed believe
 Had every Virtue Man cou'd boast,
 Yet 'tis too much for you to grieve,
 If even all the Sex were lost.

That Kings must leave their Crowns, and die,
 The mighty Pow'rs of Heav'n ordain;
 It must be just that's done on high,
 And we on Earth shou'd not complain.

Then let those Eyes, which glad Mankind,
 Give Pleasure to a dying Slave:
 Sure *Celia* boasts a noble Mind,
 And will not kill whom she can save.

Tell me what hath your Mind decreed,
 And do not thus requite my Pain!
 Because you mourn for *Damon* dead,
 You make me mourn, like you, in vain.

If what I feel can never speak
 The Love and all the Truth I owe,
 What greater Torments for your sake
 Shou'd wretched *Strepson* undergo?

Shers a prettier Form may boast,
A handsome Face, or such like Pow'r,
Oh! I find it, to my Cost,
That never Swain can love you more.

Will you not then forget the Dead?
Thrice happy *Damon*! did you know,
A Truth (as our Divines have said)
Those things on Earth the living do.

Other Joys employ your Care,
We know not what is Heav'n above,
Yet you, my *Calia*, know that here
We think our Heav'n is only Love.

They say 'tis Fancy makes our Bliss;
Think, *Calia*, think that I am he,
Whose Death you mourn to such Excess;
As him you lov'd, love only me.

Think me to be what *Damon* was,
When Smiles were seated on his Brow,
Not that cold and Clay-like Mass
Which pale-ey'd Death has made him now.

For wou'd not all your kind Esteem
Fly from you at the ghastly Sight
Of such a dreadful thing as him,
Wrapt in eternal sable Night.

Consider well, thou lovely Maid!
Now youthful Time is in your Pow'r;

For you yourself must once be dead,
And all your Beauties shine no more.

Those Eyes shall lose their Blaze of Day,
The Roses in your Cheeks be pale;
No Musick on your Tongue shall stay,
Nor from your Lips shall Sweets exhale.

But all the Glories you can boast
The Tyrant Death shall quite destroy,
And even those who love you most
Will hate you, as their Bane to Joy,

Come, come, my *Calio*, cease to mourn;
Dry up those Tears, and spread your Charms;
As *Damon* never can return,
Take faithful *Strephon* to your Arms,

Reflect, my Dearest, if you grieve
For one who dy'd as Fortune will'd,
Much more of Reason will you have,
For one whom your Unkindness kill'd.

F I N I S.

